Hanna-Barbera™

DC

"Stop what you're doing and pick up *The Flintstones.*" —**Vox**

THE FLINTSTONES™

THE DELUXE EDITION

MARK RUSSELL
STEVE PUGH
CHRIS CHUCKRY

THE FLINTSTONES

THE DELUXE EDITION

MARK RUSSELL
writer

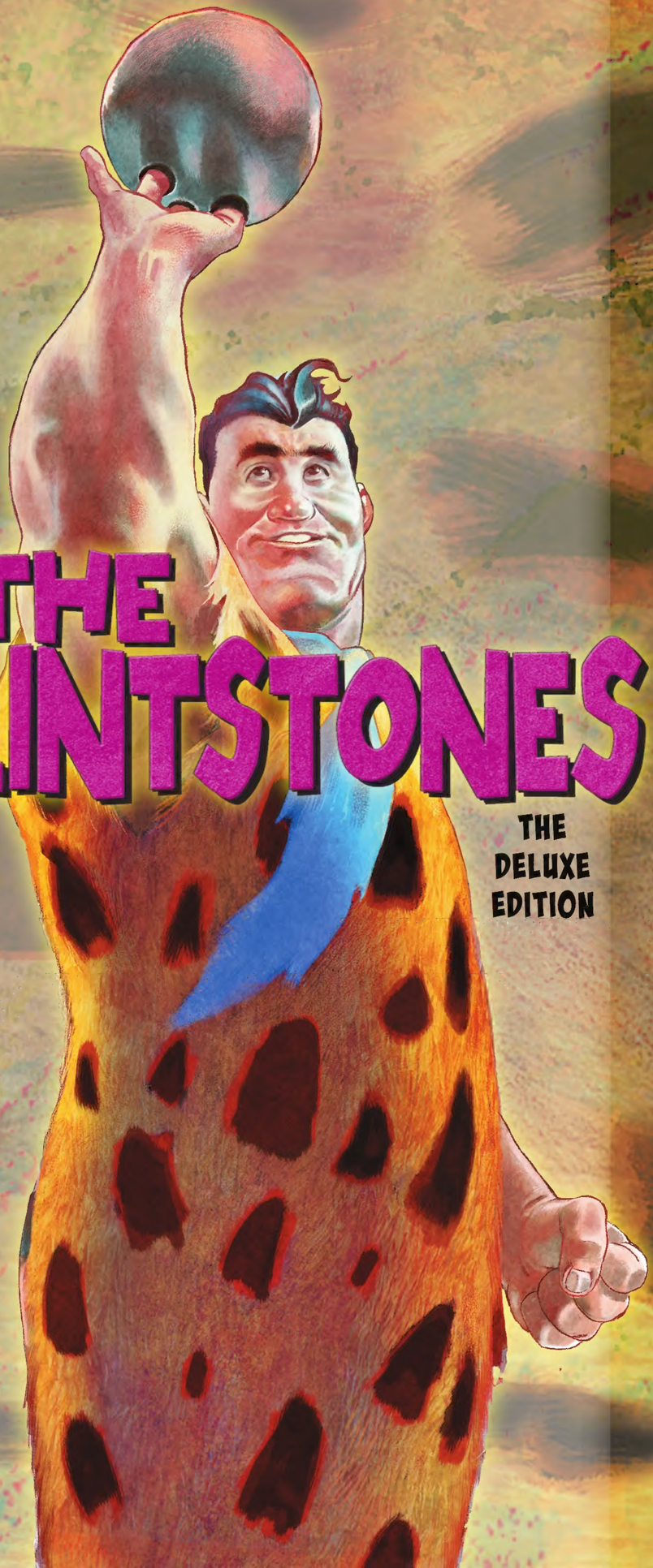
STEVE PUGH
RICK LEONARDI
SCOTT HANNA
artists

CHRIS CHUCKRY
STEVE BUCCELLATO
colorists

DAVE SHARPE
letterer

STEVE PUGH
collection cover artist

BOOSTER GOLD
created by DAN JURGENS



THE FLINTSTONES

THE DELUXE EDITION

Marie Javins Editor – Original Series & Editor-in-Chief, DC Comics
Brittany Holzherr Associate Editor – Original Series
Robin Wildman Editor – Collected Edition
Steve Cook Design Director – Books
Amie Brockway-Metcalf Publication Design
Suzannah Rowntree Publication Production

Daniel Cherry III Senior VP – General Manager
Jim Lee Publisher & Chief Creative Officer
Joen Choe VP – Global Brand & Creative Services
Don Falletti VP – Manufacturing Operations & Workflow Management
Lawrence Ganem VP – Talent Services
Alison Gill Senior VP – Manufacturing & Operations
Nick J. Napolitano VP – Manufacturing Administration & Design
Nancy Spears VP – Revenue

THE FLINTSTONES: THE DELUXE EDITION

Published by DC Comics. Compilation, cover, and all new material Copyright © 2021 Hanna-Barbera. All Rights Reserved. Originally published in single magazine form in *The Flintstones* 1-12 Copyright © 2016, 2017 Hanna-Barbera and *Booster Gold/The Flintstones Special* 1 Copyright © 2017 DC Comics and Hanna-Barbera.
THE FLINTSTONES, their distinctive likenesses, and related elements featured in this publication are trademarks of Hanna-Barbera. BOOSTER GOLD, his distinctive likeness, and related elements featured in this publication are trademarks of DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters, their distinctive likenesses, and related elements featured in this publication are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters, and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork. DC – a WarnerMedia Company.

All Hanna-Barbera characters and elements
Copyright © & TM Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.
WB Shield TM & © WBEI (s21)

DC Comics, 2900 West Alameda Ave., Burbank, CA 91505

INTRODUCTION

When DC first asked me to write *The Flintstones*, it was fresh off the cancellation of *Prez*, the first comic book I'd ever written. *Prez* had been approved for twelve issues, but got canceled after six, which at the time I didn't even realize was a possibility. Up until that point, my experience as a writer had been as an author of books, and nobody had ever canceled one of my books halfway through the writing of it.

So when they asked me to write *The Flintstones*, I thought that maybe this was the last comic book anyone would ever let me write. And I figured that if I was going to be asked to leave the party, then I was taking all the salami with me. I resolved to pack as much as I had to say as possible into *The Flintstones*. To write the story of Bedrock, not as some tasteful homage to a 1960s cartoon, but as the story of the world's first civilization and my grand critique of every civilization that came after it. Which, admittedly, sounds horribly pretentious. And it probably was. But I was beyond the point of caring back then and, hopefully, I still am.

Even back in 2015, anyone could see that the oceans were turning into plastic-flavored vats of acid, that fascism was coming back into vogue, that our institutions were failing to protect us on every level, and, to an even greater degree than normal, religion and politics had been rendered the family business of grifters and demagogues.

So if it was pretentious to write a Flintstones comic about the world visibly imploding around us, I didn't care. This was what I was going to talk about. Heavy-handed? Good. Subtlety had died screaming. To me then, and since, writing was about sounding an alarm on a sinking ship, and you didn't get style points for grad school subtlety and artful nuance. If something is worth talking about, it's worth talking about loudly.

But I didn't just want it to be about the failures of civilization. I didn't want it to be merely angry. Because I'm not merely angry. Despite it all, I still have some optimism, and that optimism flows mostly from the beauty I see every day in human relationships. One of the things I hoped *The Flintstones* would represent is that, whatever our collective failures as a species, there's still tremendous value to be found in each

other as people. And if there is a way out of this mess, it probably starts with discovering what we all mean to each other. As Fred himself says in the comic, "If civilization is going to amount to anything more than a place to watch TV and get cheap snake meat, it will only be because we've learned to do one thing—to care about people who mean nothing to us."

I still stand by Fred's words as our best hope for dealing with the calamities to come.

At first, I wasn't very optimistic about this comic book finding its audience. When the first issue came out, editor Marie Javins asked me how many issues I planned on writing. Based on the sales of the first issue and knowing that sales tend to decline with each subsequent issue, I asked her how many issues we could reasonably get in before it was canceled. She said 12. So we agreed to make 12 issues and, learning from my experience with *Prez*, I wrote issue #6 with what could serve as a natural ending point to the series. But *The Flintstones* found an audience and, apparently, still does.

It still seems like a miracle to me that this comic got made, but "miracle" has always been shorthand for a lot of hard work by a lot of dedicated people. So I'd like to take a moment to recognize them. First, I've got to thank Steve Pugh for making the words look funny. For giving this story an emotional depth it never would have had without the incredible humanity he pours into his characters, not all of whom are human. And also Rick Leonardi, who filled in as the artist for a couple of issues and performed admirably. I'd also like to thank our colorist Chris Chuckry, and Dave Sharpe, our letterer, who played major roles in bringing this story to life, and Brittany Holzherr, who was and continues to be a brilliant editor. And, lastly and most profoundly, I'd like to thank Marie Javins, without whom this collection would not exist and I would not have a career in writing comics. Marie not only discovered me as a comic book writer, she edited most of my early work at DC, including *The Flintstones*. She has always protected me and my writing from all enemies, foreign and domestic, not the least of which was myself.

I thank you all for risking career suicide with me and I hope this book still stands as a testament to risks worth taking.

Mark Russell
August 2021

CANNIBALISM: THE UNKNOWN IDEAL
Steve Pugh

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. PRESENT DAY.

WE CALL HIM "LORENZO." OUR MOST POPULAR EXHIBIT, HE GETS THREE MILLION VISITORS EVERY YEAR.

THIS PROBABLY ISN'T HOW HE IMAGINED HIS FUTURE PANNING OUT.

THE AMAZING THING IS WHERE WE FOUND HIM. LOOKS LIKE A CIVILIZATION, FAR OLDER THAN ANYTHING WE'D EVER ENCOUNTERED. APPARENTLY, THEY HAD A QUARRY AND BUILT HUNDREDS OF STONE STRUCTURES.

WHERE?

A CLEAN SLATE

MARK RUSSELL WRITER
STEVE PUGH INTERIOR AND MAIN COVER ARTIST
CHRIS CHUCKRY COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS SENIOR EDITOR

HERE, AT THE EDGE OF BEDROCK VALLEY.

A STONE AGE CIVILIZATION? I CAN ONLY IMAGINE HOW AWFUL THEIR LIVES MUST HAVE BEEN.

THE TOWN OF BEDROCK.
100,000 YEARS AGO.

SLATE'S QUARRY

HOMO ERECTUS

PLATO'S CAVE

WAMMOTH BAMMOTH THANK YOU MAMMOTH

LANES

CRANES

THE PLEISTO-SCENE

TREY'S BIRD SLAVERY EMPORIUM

NEANDERTALL AND BIG MEN'S CLOTHING

OUTBACK SNAKEHOUSE

SPEARS AND ROEBUCK

BED-EX

POLICE

TAR PIT

MORP SAVES!

STARBRIK'S COFFEE

BEDROCK GRAVEL & LOAN

SLATE'S QUARRY

LOOK, IT'S FRED FLINTSTONE, OUR EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH!

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MR. SLATE?

FRED, I JUST HIRED THREE NEW CRO-MAGS.

ACTUALLY, WE'RE NEANDERTHALS. NOT CRO-MAGNONS.

LONG STORY SHORT, THEY'RE NEW TO BEDROCK. HELL, THEY'RE NEW TO EVERYTHING.

THESE GUYS ARE TWICE AS STRONG AS HOMO SAPIENS, AND HAVE NO FORMAL CONCEPT OF MONEY. I WANT THEM WORKING ***HERE.*** IF THIS WORKS OUT, I'M GOING TO NEED A NEW FOREMAN. YOU SMELL MY GRAVY?

YES, SIR.

GOOD. HERE'S TICKETS TO THE FIGHT TONIGHT. MAKE SURE THEY HAVE A GOOD TIME.

HEY, YOU GUYS KNOW THAT FRED FOUGHT IN THE BEDROCK WARS? I BET HE'S GOT STORIES THAT WOULD ROAST YOUR CORN. ANYWAY, WELCOME TO CIVILIZATION! YOU BOYS CAN START WORK TOMORROW.

JUST FINISHING A PAINTING. I THINK I'M GOING TO CALL THIS ONE "*HANDPRINTS.*"

LISTEN, HONEY, I'M GOING TO BE HOME LATE. MR. SLATE WANTS ME TO SHOW THE NEW GUYS AROUND.

OKAY, BUT DON'T FORGET, YOU AND BARNEY HAVE VETERANS' GROUP TONIGHT.

HOLY MORP, THAT'S RIGHT!

WHAT DO YOU THINK IT MEANS?

I THINK IT'S MORE ABOUT THE ABSENCE OF MEANING.

HEY, BARN!

RUBBLE

HEY, FRED. DID YOU KNOW THERE'S A BUNCH OF CAVEMEN IN THE CAR?

VETERANS OF THE PALEOLITHIC WARS

SORRY, GUYS. I TOTALLY FORGOT WE HAD THIS THING TONIGHT.

THEY WOULDN'T LEAVE THE FOREST! THE IDEA THAT WE WANTED THEIR LAND WAS COMPLETELY ALIEN TO THEM. THEY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND LAND OWNERSHIP.

THE POOR BASTARDS DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE. WE SET FIRE TO THEIR TREES. WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED, THERE WERE DEAD TREE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE!

SORRY. SORRY ABOUT ALL THAT.

COMING SOON SHALE PLAINS CONDOS

(FORMERLY TREE PEOPLE ACRES)

POP! BIFFF!

MADISTONE SQUARE GARDEN

TONIGHT! LIMEPIT VS MARBLES

YYEEEEEEAAAHHH!

SOLD OUT

NOW THE FUN BEGINS!

GRAVELS LIMEPIT HAS BACKED HIM INTO THE CORNER OF THE ROCK-TAGON!

TARPIT

OOOOH!

AND THAT'S IT! THE FIGHT IS OVER! GRAVELS LIMEPIT WINS BY KNOCKOUT!

WOOOOOOOH!

KRUNK!

GRA-VELS!

GRA-VELS!

GRA-VELS!

GRA-VELS!

THIS IS THE BEST DAY OF MY LIFE!

I'D LIKE TO THANK MORP! ALL GOOD THINGS COME FROM MORP.

UCM

OUTBACK SNAKEHOUSE

OH MAN, WHAT A FIGHT!

MY FAVORITE PART WAS WHEN HE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS.

...AND A PLATE OF FRIED GECKO APPE-TEASERS FOR THE TABLE.

DELIGHTFUL.

WHY DIDN'T WE ORDER *THAT?*

YOU WANT TO EAT THE AIR CONDITIONER?

PARKIN

WHAT'S WRONG?

HE'S NEVER HAD TO DEAL WITH DEATH BEFORE.

HONEY, I'M HOME.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

TIRED AND FULL OF SNAKE. WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

JUST LOOKING AT SOME OF OUR OLD WEDDING PICS.

WHY DID WE EVER AGREE TO A TRADITIONAL WEDDING?

YOU WERE WORTH EVERY GOAT.

BY THE WAY, WE GOT AN INVITATION.

YABBA-DABBA-DOO.

EMPLOYEE HOT TUB PARTY

TOMORROW 8PM

BRING LOTION

HOW DID THINGS GO LAST NIGHT?

FINE.

YOU SHOW THOSE CRO-MAGS A GOOD TIME?

SOARING IS NEVER BORING

I DID MY BEST, SIR.

YOUR *BEST?* WHAT IS THIS, A POTTERY CLASS?

EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

WE'RE A CIVILIZATION NOW, FLINTSTONE! MEN ARE ONLY REMEMBERED FOR THEIR ACCOMPLISHMENTS. YOU WANT AN AFTERLIFE? THIS IS IT.

I DON'T NEED TO KNOW YOU DID YOUR BEST. I NEED THOSE GUYS WORKING FOR ME. EITHER SUCCEED, OR GO HOME AND BAKE MUFFINS WITH YOUR WIFE. YOU HEAR ME, FLINTSTONE?

YES, MR. SLATE.

NOW SHOW ME WHAT AN EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH CAN DO!

OKAY, BECAUSE YOU GUYS ARE NEW, WE'LL START YOU OFF ON PEBBLE DUTY. YOU SHOULD ALL BE PROUD TO BE WORKING AT SLATE'S QUARRY.

TRY NOT TO DIE

CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?

SURE.

HOW COME YOU WEAR A TIE?

I READ AN ARTICLE ONCE THAT SAID YOU SHOULD DRESS FOR THE JOB YOU WANT, NOT THE JOB YOU HAVE.

SO HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN WEARING THAT TIE?

FIFTEEN YEARS.

FWEEP

KRAKKAKKAK

WHEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

HEY, GUYS, IT'S QUITTING TIME!

OH, THANK MORP.

HOMINID RESOURCES

SO HOW'D YOU LIKE MAKIN' ROCK?

I HATED IT.

WHAT THE?

IT'S MONEY.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS?!

I DON'T KNOW. BUY SOMETHING SOMEONE ELSE HATED MAKING.

BZZZZT!

HELLO?

FRED? I'VE BEEN CALLING YOUR SHELL PHONE FOR AN HOUR!

SORRY, THE RECEPTION IS AWFUL OUT HERE.

FRED, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT JUST HAPPENED. MY PAINTINGS HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED AT THE BEDROCK MUSEUM OF ART!

WHAT?! THAT'S AMAZING!

I'M SO EXCITED! MY FIRST ART EXHIBIT! I NEED SOMETHING ANGULAR TO WEAR!

BEDROCK MUSEUM OF ART. CONGRATULATIONS! YOUR WORK HAS BEEN SELECTED TO BE PART OF A SPECIAL EXHIBIT HIGHLIGHTING RAW NEW TALENT.

MY PAINTINGS ARE GOING TO BE HANGING IN A MUSEUM. OH, BETTY, THIS IS A DREAM COME TRUE!

DRESS CAVE

I'M SO HAPPY FOR YOU, WILMA.

HOW DOES THIS LOOK?

HONESTLY? YOU LOOK LIKE A SEA URCHIN.

YEAH, PRETTY STUPID, I GUESS. FRANKLY, IT'S THE ONLY DRESS HERE THAT LOOKS LIKE IT BELONGS TO AN ARTIST, AND I HATE IT.

I FEEL LIKE A SHALLOW PARODY OF THE CLUB I WANT TO JOIN. IT SEEMS LIKE ANYTIME I TRY TO FIT IN, I ONLY PROVE THAT I DON'T BELONG.

HOW DO I LOOK?

FANTASTIC.

I DO, DON'T I?

SLATE MANSION.

IT'S LIKE A SKYMALL MAGAZINE IN HERE.

DO IT! DO IT AND I'LL GIVE YOU THIS WHOLE BAG OF GRAVEL.

COME ON, GEORGE. LEAVE HIM ALONE.

AW, I JUST WANT TO WATCH A CAVEMAN EAT A TARANTULA. IS THAT TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR?!

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FATE, FLINTSTONE?

HUH?

THAT THINGS HAPPEN FOR A REASON?

THAT ALL THIS IS NOT JUST RANDOM HAPPENSTANCE?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR. I WAS IN A WAR. GOOD SOLDIERS DIED. BAD SOLDIERS MADE IT THROUGH WITHOUT A BUMP. SEEMS LIKE NO ONE REALLY CONTROLS THEIR OWN FATE. MAYBE THAT'S WHY IT'S CALLED FATE.

THAT'S WHAT'S KNOWN IN PHILOSOPHY AS LOSER-TALK, FLINTSTONE. DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT FATE IS?

"THIS WHOLE AREA USED TO BE COVERED IN LAVA. TOOK MILLIONS OF YEARS FOR ALL THAT LAVA TO COOL INTO GRANITE.

"AND THOUSANDS OF MEN LIKE YOU, FIGHTING AND DYING, TO MAKE BEDROCK SAFE FOR BUSINESS.

EONS OF DEATH, DESTRUCTION, AND CREATION, AND IN THE END, THE NAME "SLATE" IS ALL ANYONE WILL REMEMBER OF ANY OF IT. THAT'S FATE, FLINTSTONE.

SLATE'S QUARRY

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SERVICE, BY THE WAY.

HEY, YOU GUYS READY TO HAVE YOUR MINDS BLOWN? I MEAN, YOU WANT A TRULY LIFE-CHANGING EXPERIENCE?

I'M GETTING OUT OF THE TUB.

IT'S CALLED "ICE CREAM."

GET IN HERE WITH THAT ICE CREAM, PHILIP!

YOU'VE GOT TO TRY THIS!

ANY MINUTE NOW...

DAMN IT, THE ICE CREAM'S MELTED. GET BACK IN THE KITCHEN, PHILIP!

WELL, THAT WAS EMBARRASSING.

EVEN BETTER! SOMEBODY GO KILL THAT MAMMOTH! WE'LL HAVE A BARBECUE!

I'LL DO IT!

THIS PLEASES ME.

I CHANGED MY MIND. IT'S TOO COLD!

DAMN IT!

WHAT ABOUT YOU GUYS?

ACTUALLY, WE'VE HAD SOME PRETTY BAD EXPERIENCES WITH ICE.

YOU'VE BEEN EYEBALLING THIS CHAIN ALL NIGHT. BRING ME THAT MAMMOTH AND IT'S YOURS. COME ON, SON, THIS IS FATE CALLING!

I'M NOT SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, MR. SLATE.

SWEET BEEF! NOW IT'S A PARTY!

CRUNCH! CRUNCH!

THIS IS GOING TO BE EPIC!

RRAAARR!

CREEEEEEK!

CAVOOOOSH!

AAAAAAAH!

RRRRRRRRRUUUMMMBBLLE!

AW, MAN!

GOOD NIGHT... THANKS FOR COMING... SORRY ABOUT, WELL YOU KNOW WHAT...

SEE YOU GUYS TOMORROW?

I DON'T THINK SO. WE'RE LEAVING BEDROCK.

LOOK, I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FRIEND, BUT COME ON, GUYS. STONE CONDOS? GRAVELS-FREAKING-LIMEPIT? THE OUTBACK SNAKEHOUSE--YOU TOOK THEM TO THE OUTBACK SNAKEHOUSE, RIGHT?

YES, SIR.

BEDROCK HAS SO MUCH TO OFFER!

NO OFFENSE, BUT IT SEEMS LIKE THE WHOLE POINT OF CIVILIZATION IS TO GET SOMEONE ELSE TO DO YOUR KILLING FOR YOU.

YEAH. I THINK WE'LL PASS.

SNOBBY NEANDERTHALS...

SO UH, MR. SLATE? ABOUT THAT FOREMAN JOB...

YOU FAILED ME, FLINTSTONE.

SIGH

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS ME, PHILIP.

BEDROCK MUSEUM OF ART.

TONIGHT! PRIMITIVE ART!

OH LOOK! IT'S ANDY WARTHOG!

IT'S LIKE THAT NIGHTMARE I HAD ABOUT THE FUTURE.

AN ORIGINAL DAVID ROCKNEY! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING TO ME, FRED!

YOU DESERVE IT, WILMA. WHERE ARE YOUR PAINTINGS?

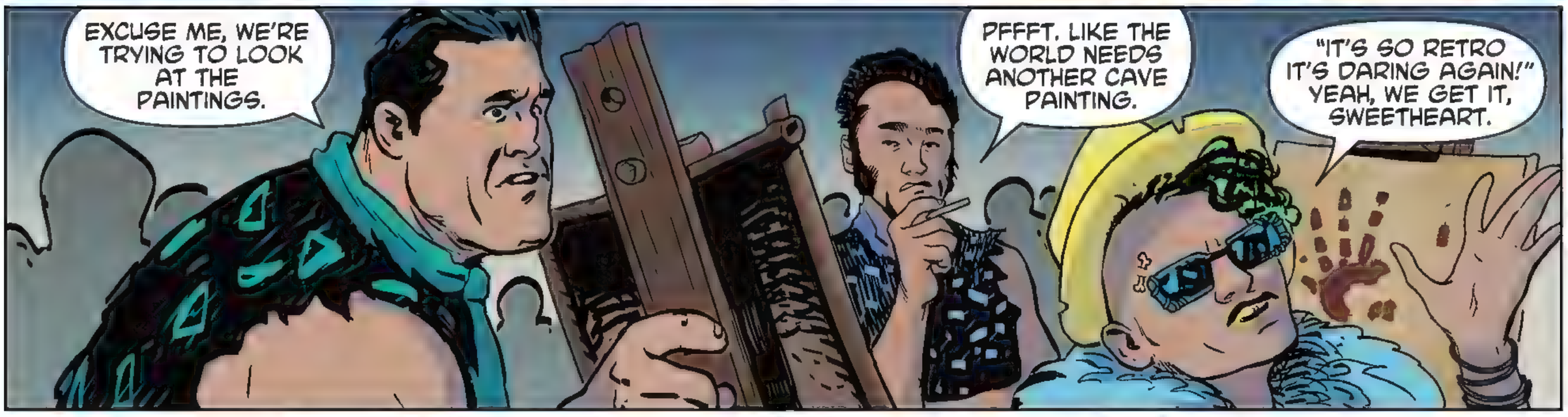
I'M IN THE SECTION FOR "OUTSIDER ART."

Outsider Art

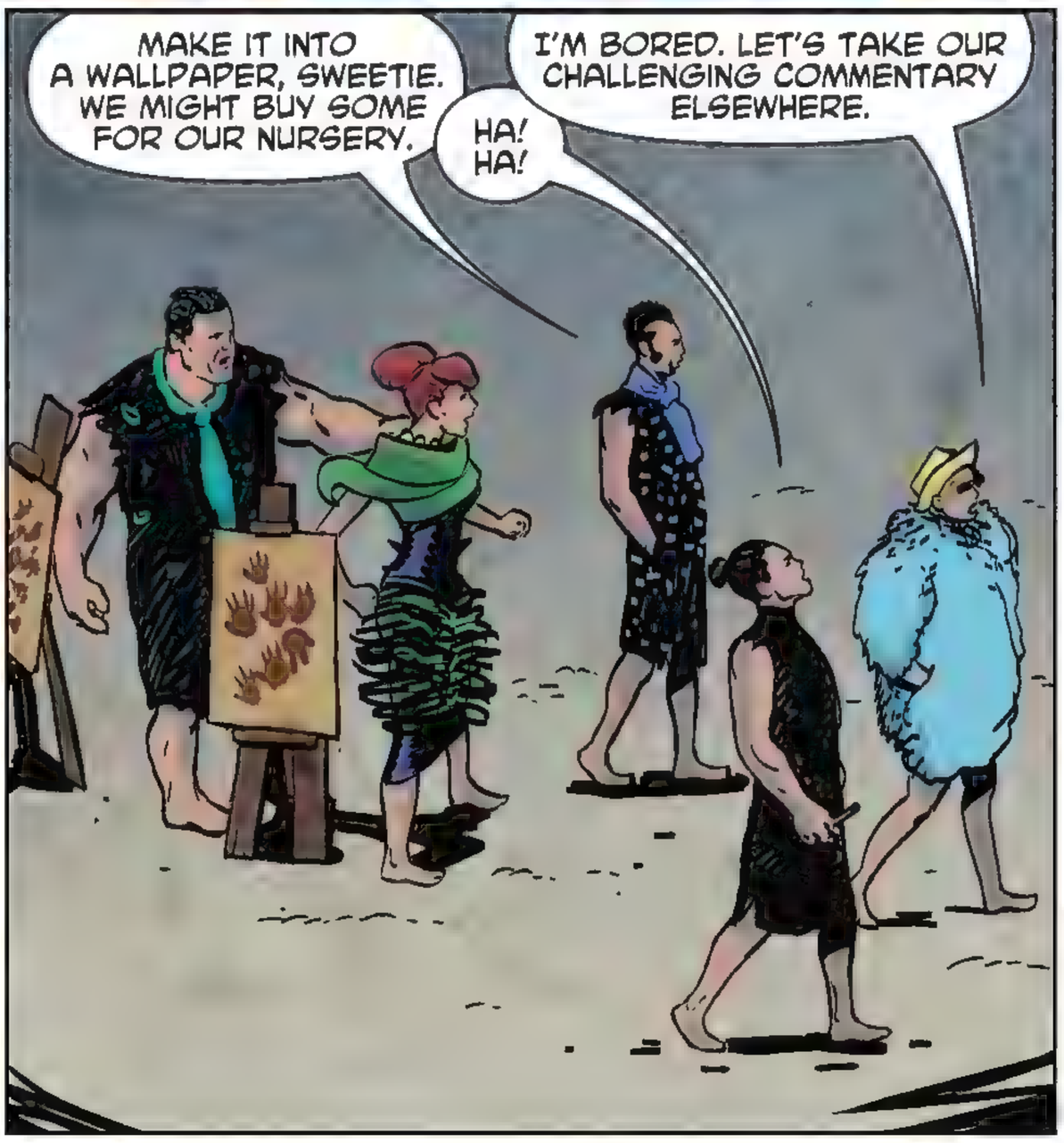
OH, FRED. I'M SO EXCITED!

Outsider Art
HOLY MORP. IT'S *LITERALLY* OUTSIDE? AND NEXT TO THE RESTROOMS?
REST ROOMS

EXCUSE ME... COULD WE...
MIND IF I VAPE?


EXCUSE ME, WE'RE TRYING TO LOOK AT THE PAINTINGS.
PFFFT. LIKE THE WORLD NEEDS ANOTHER CAVE PAINTING.
"IT'S SO RETRO IT'S DARING AGAIN!" YEAH, WE GET IT, SWEETHEART.

HEY! MY WIFE PAINTED THESE!
REALLY? WHY?
THEY TRULY ARE AWFUL, AREN'T THEY?
THAT'S NOT THE POINT.
"NOT THE POINT"?


MAKE IT INTO A WALLPAPER, SWEETIE. WE MIGHT BUY SOME FOR OUR NURSERY.
HA! HA!
I'M BORED. LET'S TAKE OUR CHALLENGING COMMENTARY ELSEWHERE.

THIS WAS A DISASTER.

I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THOSE PEOPLE.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT THOSE STUPID ARTWADS. WHAT BOTHERS ME IS THAT NOBODY SEEMS TO GET MY PAINTINGS. NOT EVEN YOU.

BUT, HONEY... THEY'RE JUST HANDPRINTS.

NOT TO ME.

"WHEN I WAS A GIRL, MY WHOLE TRIBE WOULD TREK SOUTH FOR THE WINTER, FOLLOWING THE CARIBOU. IT WAS A DANGEROUS TRIP. PEOPLE DIDN'T ALWAYS MAKE IT BACK."

"BUT WHEN WE RETURNED, THEIR HAND WAS STILL THERE, WAITING FOR US IN THE CAVE.

"THE DAY I PUT MY HANDPRINT ON THE WALL WAS THE DAY I BECAME A HUMAN BEING. THE DAY I MEANT SOMETHING.

"TO YOU, THEY MAY JUST BE HANDPRINTS. TO ME, THEY ARE EVERYONE I HAVE EVER KNOWN AND LOVED. PROOF OF MY PLACE THE UNIVERSE."

I FEEL LIKE I NEVER REALLY KNEW YOU UNTIL THIS MOMENT.

MAYBE MR. SLATE WAS RIGHT. MAYBE THERE IS SUCH A THING AS FATE.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. PRESENT DAY.

THIS IS LORENZO. HE LIVED IN THE BEDROCK VALLEY ABOUT A HUNDRED THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

WHAT DID HE DO?

BECAUSE OF THE ORNAMENTAL JEWELRY, WE THINK HE WAS SOMEONE OF IMPORTANCE. WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS HE RAN THE NEARBY QUARRY.

THE MUSEUM IS CLOSING SOON, BUT WE HAVE JUST ENOUGH TIME TO LOOK AT SOME MASTODONS.

bloomingshale's shoe SALE

UGGH

BENEVOLEGAN
SHOES & BOOTS
Our animals die
of natural causes

CONNERVERSE
CHERT TAYLOR
MOUNTSOZOIC
MUKLUKS
john volcanos

LOUIS VOAYTTON

PRADOZOA

MAMMOTHO BLAHNIK

Oscar de la Raptor

Roc Martens

Stegosaur Ferragamo

STUART GNEISSMAN

CRETACIOU
BY CARLOS SERPENTANA

RUBBLE

HEY, KID! GIVE ME YOUR MONEY OR I'LL PUNCH YOU IN THE BEEF!

MOM! DAD! LOOK WHAT I CAN DO!

GO PLAY WITH YOUR FRIEND OUTSIDE, BAMM-BAMM. THE T.V. IS ABOUT TO COME ON!

HI, BARNEY. HERE'S THAT ROCK I OWE YOU.

IS THIS THING ON? WHICH WAY DO I LOOK?

LOOK OUT! A WALL DEMON!

FRED, NO! IT'S TELEVISION!

WHAT'S TELEVISION, BETTY?

IT'S LIKE HAVING THE WHOLE WORLD, RIGHT IN YOUR LIVING ROOM.

WELCOME TO THE WORLD'S FIRST TELEVISION BROADCAST.

HELLO.

GOOD EVENING.

HE CAN'T HEAR YOU, FRED.

THIS IS THE "NEWS," WHERE WE TELL YOU ABOUT THINGS IF WE HAVE FOOTAGE OF THEM. MY NAME IS ROCK STONE.

TODAY A MAN'S HEAD WAS CRUSHED BY A GIANT ROCK. HERE, WE HAVE A PICTURE OF IT.

BUYER BEWARE

MARK RUSSELL WRITER
STEVE PUGH ARTIST
CHRIS CHUCKRY COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
AMANDA CONNER AND PAUL MOUNTS MAIN COVER ARTISTS
BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS SENIOR EDITOR

WHAT'S THAT? THERE'RE CHILDREN WATCHING? WELL, THAT'S GOT TO BE HORRIFYING FOR THEM. WE PROBABLY SHOULDN'T HAVE SHOWN THAT. SORRY, WE'RE ALL VERY NEW TO THIS.

IN OTHER NEWS, PEOPLE EVERYWHERE ARE BUYING THINGS THEY DON'T NEED. IT'S CALLED "CRAP," AND IT'S TAKING BEDROCK BY STORM!

CRAP!

AT FIRST IT FELT A LITTLE WEIRD... YOU KNOW, OWNING PHYSICAL OBJECTS. BUT NOW I'M TOTALLY INTO IT. I LOVE MY CRAP!

YOU DON'T HAVE A HAT!

HA! HA! "CRAP." WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

CRA

TAR PIT

BEDROCK MALL

GRAND OPENING

I'M TELLING YOU, WILMA. A MAN CAME RIGHT ONTO THE SCREEN AND STARTED TALKING TO ME.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. I BELIEVE YOU!

BRONTO KING

STARBRICK'S COFFEE

WE HAVE NEANDERDOLLS!

NEW STOCK!

I'LL BE IN THE RECORD SHOP.

MAKE SURE HE TAKES CARE OF HIS TEETH.

GAW OPENER

HEY! YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO'S SERIOUS ABOUT WEEDS.

BONE DEPOT

THE POWERGOAT 3000

THE ULTIMATE IN WEED CONTROL

WHAT IS THAT?

IT'S THE POWERGOAT 3000! IT KILLS WEEDS!

WHAT'S A WEED?

IT'S UH... IT'S... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION.

ONNA PUMP THAT RUMP, GOTTA BUMP THAT RUMP

DEVO-NIAN

I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT RUMPSPRINGA'S FIRST ALBUM WAS A LOT MORE CHALLENGING.

SO RUMP IS A RIDDLE DAT GOT ME STUMPED!

WHAT IS THIS PLACE?!

COME ON, PEBBLES, WE'RE LEAVING.

CAN'T WAIT TO TRY THE NEW DISH-WASHER!

ALL RIGHT, POWERGOAT, LET'S DO THIS.

POWERGOAT!

POWERGOAT!

CRIPES. I'M EXHAUSTED.

POWERGOAT, BIZNATCH.

GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO DO THAT FOR ANOTHER WEEK.

POWERGOAT?

MORP BLESS YOU. MORP BLESS YOU. MORP BLESS YOU...

FIRST CHURCH OF ANIMISM

YOU CAN'T ENTER HEAVEN UNLESS MORP ENTERS YOU

WELCOME, EVERYBODY.

WHEN WE WERE NOMADS, MORP WOULD LEAD US SOUTH FOR THE WINTER, AND NORTH AGAIN TO COOLER SUMMER LANDS.

HE WOULD STOP AT LAKES AND STREAMS, SHOWING US WHERE TO SLAKE OUR THIRST.

ONCE AGAIN, WE ARE SAVED.

WHAT OTHER PROOF OF MORP'S LOVE DO YOU NEED?!

AMEN! AMEN! AMEN!

MY CHILDREN, I WENT TO THE MALL TODAY. AND... AND... WELL, THIS MIGHT BE THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF OUR RELIGION.

GASP! IT'S MORP!

PREPARE YOURSELVES, CHILDREN. FOR NOW WE SHALL FINALLY HEAR THE HOLY VOICE OF MORP.

SKRITTCH!

ROUND LIKE A HUMP, BUMPIN' THAT RUMP, GIRL TURN 'ROUND LET ME GRAB A CLUMP!

MORP BLESS YOU. MORP BLESS YOU.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT IT'S HARD FOR ME TO TAKE MORP SERIOUSLY ANYMORE.

YEAH. IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED.

PEBBLES AND I ARE GOING SHOPPING.

YOU WANT ME TO COME ALONG?

NO, THAT'S OKAY. YOU JUST STAY HOME AND RELAX.

YEAH, OKAY... RELAX.

LOOKS LIKE THE DISHES ARE TAKEN CARE OF. GUESS I'LL JUST OPEN A NICE CAN OF SLOTH MEAT.

100% SLOTH AND FILLER MATERIAL

HISSSS!

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I THINK I'LL GO OUT.

VETERANS OF PALEOLITHIC WARS

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRED?

IT'S ALL THIS CRAP, BARNEY. IT'S RUINING ME. YESTERDAY, WE BOUGHT A TRILOBITE COOKER--AND THEY'VE BEEN EXTINCT FOR TEN MILLION YEARS.

YEAH, NOBODY REALLY NEEDS THEIR CRAP. IT'S JUST THERE TO KEEP YOU FROM LOOKING LIKE A BUM.

I'M NOT MAKING ENOUGH AT THE QUARRY TO KEEP UP, BUT WILMA SEEMS TO LOVE ALL THIS STUFF. I'M SO LUCKY TO HAVE HER, BARNEY. I DON'T WANT TO LET HER DOWN.

DINO-NUTS

DINO-NUTS

YOU BOYS LOOKIN' TO MAKE A LITTLE EXTRA PEBBLE?

YEAH...

THEN I'M YOUR LOBSTER.

VITAMINS. NATURE'S GOLD MINE.

SHAMROCK VITAMINS

THE KEY TO SELLING VITAMINS IS HAVING AN ANGLE. YOU GOT THOSE SAD WAR VET EYES. THAT HELPS.

SHAMROCK VITAMINS

YOU CAN PRETEND TO HAVE A HEAD INJURY.

THANKS, BUT YOU CAN SAVE YOUR GIMMICKS. IF PEOPLE REALLY NEED THESE VITAMINS, THEN WE SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY PROBLEM SELLING THEM.

NO, SERIOUSLY. YOU NEED AN ANGLE. ANIMALS. CARTOON CHARACTERS. ANYTHING HELPS.

THUS BEGINS OUR LIFE IN BUSINESS. TIME TO HIT THE PAVEMENT!

IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, FRED, I THINK I'M JUST GOING TO GO HOME.

OKAY. ÷SIGH÷ POOR GUY'S IN OVER HIS HEAD.

THE REFORMED FIRST CHURCH OF ANIMISM

NOW SERVING PEACHES

FIRST OF ALL, LET ME APOLOGIZE ON BEHALF OF MORP.

CLEARLY HE WAS A FALSE GOD. BUT I THINK I'VE FOUND A NICE NEW ANIMAL GOD YOU'LL ALL REALLY ENJOY.

HIS NAME IS PEACHES.

AAAAAHHHHH!

WHAT DOES PEACHES WANT FROM US?

HE... UH, HE JUST WANTS EVERYONE TO GET ALONG AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!

OOOOHHHH!

HE DOES SOUND NICE.

I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE WORSHIPPING PEACHES! SO CUUUUTE! YOU GUYS WANT TO COME OVER AND WATCH TELEVISION?

NO THANKS, BETTY. WE'RE GOING TO THE MALL.

HAVE A GOOD TIME?

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!

I MIGHT AS WELL BE A UNITARIAN!

BONE DEPOT

PEACHES SAVES

I'M GOING TO RETURN THE GARBAGE DISPOSAL AND PICK UP SOME APPLIANCE FOOD.

RETURNS

THE COBRA GARDEN HOSE DID NOT GO AS PLANNED.

I'D LIKE TO RETURN THIS GARBAGE DISPOSAL.

IT'S PRETTY OLD. WE'LL HAVE TO RECYCLE IT.

OKAY... AND COULD I ALSO GET A BAG OF APPLIANCE FOOD?

SURE THING, BUB.

ASSORTED MEATS

CHURCH WAS AMAZING, AND I GOT A GOOD DEAL ON A BAG OF MEAT! THIS MAY BE THE PERFECT SUNDAY!

FRED...

WHAT IS IT?

WE'RE WORSHIPPING A VACUUM CLEANER.

MANAGER'S SPECIAL VACUUM CLEANERS

THE REFORMED FIRST CHURCH OF ANIMISM

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL, ANYWAY?

WHAT ELSE HAS BEEN THE TEACHES OF PEACHES?

LOOK, I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE UPSET. BUT I WAS IN A PINCH. ANYWAY, ISN'T THE IMPORTANT THING THAT THE GOD MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE YOUR LIFE HAS MEANING?

DOES IT REALLY MATTER WHAT FORM A GOD TAKES?

I DON'T KNOW. WHY DON'T I JUST ASK *MY VACUUM CLEANER?!*

COME ON, WE'VE DONE GOOD WORK IN THIS CHURCH. JUST BECAUSE SOME GOD DIDN'T PAN OUT, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GO BACK TO SMASHING PEOPLE WITH CLUBS, ARE YOU?

I AM!

BUT THE CHURCH POTLUCKS! OUR MEALS-ON-WHEELS PROGRAM!

CALL US WHEN YOU GET A REAL GOD!

WE CAN'T LEAVE THIS ROOM UNTIL WE COME UP WITH A CREDIBLE GOD.

DINOSAUR? EVERYONE LOVES DINOSAURS.

NAH. INDUSTRIAL MACHINERY.

CRIPES. YOU CAN GET ANY GOD YOU WANT AT A GARAGE SALE.

HEY! I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING...

BUT IT'S COMPLETELY BLANK.

EXACTLY!

A RABBIT?

NOPE. NECK PILLOW.

PEACHES, EVEN THOUGH WE'VE HIRED A NEW GOD, I WANT YOU TO KNOW YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE A POSITION AT MY CHURCH.

OH...

SIR, I AM A REPRESENTATIVE OF SHAMROCK VITAMINS--

IT'S DINNERTIME, IDIOT!

HELLO, MA'AM. ARE YOU SICK OF LOSING TEETH TO SCURVY?

SHAMROCK VITAMINS

SLAM!

I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD INTEREST YOU IN SOME VITAMIN SUPPLEMENTS?

OH, I DON'T KNOW. LET'S SEE WHAT REX THINKS.

GET HIM, REX!

RRRROOOAAARRR

HELLO, SIR. I AM SELLING SHAMROCK VITAMINS AND MINERAL SUPPLEMENTS.

WHAT ARE MINERALS?

SHAMROCK VITAMINS

THEY'RE LIKE LITTLE ROCKS THAT MAKE YOUR BODY WORK BETTER.

WILD, MAN. I'LL TAKE A BOTTLE.

FINALLY, A SALE! I CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHAT A ROUGH TIME BARNEY'S HAVING.

HEY, BABY. LET'S DROP TWO OF THESE AND TAKE A BATH.

BEHOLD THE POWER OF SHAMROCK VITAMINS!

SHAM
VITAM

OKAY, OKAY. HEAR ME OUT. I'VE DISCOVERED A NEW GOD. AND I THINK THIS IS THE ONE. THE LAST GOD WE'LL EVER NEED.

IS IT A CHEETAH? BECAUSE I'VE BEEN DOWN THAT ROAD.

NO. IN FACT, IT ISN'T AN ANIMAL AT ALL. THAT'S WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT IT.

BEHOLD-- THE INVISIBLE GOD!

I... I HADN'T REALLY GOT THAT FAR YET... FOR NOW, LET'S JUST CALL HIM GERALD.

WHAT'S ITS NAME?

SHAMROCK VITAMINS

GOOD JOB, RUBBLE. YOU CLEARLY KNOW YOUR WAY AROUND A VITAMIN. OKAY, FLINTSTONE-- YOUR TOTAL SALES MINUS THE COST OF THE VITAMINS, THE SPORTY CARRIER BOX, AND MY ADMINISTRATIVE FEES--YOUR EARNINGS COME TO...

WHAT IS THIS?! I'VE BEEN WORKING ALL WEEK!

FRED... YOU SOLD ONE FREAKING BOTTLE OF VITAMINS.

I GOT MAULED BY A DINOSAUR FOR YOU!

GET A HOLD OF YOURSELF!

I WORK AT THE QUARRY ALL DAY AND SELL VITAMINS ALL NIGHT! AND FOR WHAT?! POWERGOAT?! A TRILOBITE COOKER?!

I SHOULD PROBABLY FOLLOW HIM.

SHAMROCK VITAMINS

HUUUUNGGH!

HEY, KID!

SSCRREEECH!

VITAMIN PILLS ARE A SCAM!

EASY, FRED. YOU GOING TO BE OKAY?

THIS WHOLE THING HAS BEEN A DISASTER. I CAN'T AFFORD THE THINGS WE NEED. I DON'T REALLY CARE ABOUT THE VITAMINS. I JUST DON'T WANT WILMA TO KNOW WHAT A FAILURE I AM.

IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY, BUDDY. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME.

YOU MIND? A LITTLE PRIVACY IN HERE?!

?

NEW FALCON CREST

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FRED?

I'M SORRY, WILMA. I THOUGHT I COULD DO IT. I THOUGHT I COULD MAKE YOU HAPPY. BUT I JUST CAN'T AFFORD ALL THIS CRAP.

OH, FRED. NOTHING WE BUY AT TARPIT IS GOING TO MAKE ME HAPPY.

THEN WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPY?

HUMAN BEINGS ARE JUST WALKING ACCUMULATIONS OF LOVE AND REGRET. THE ONLY THING THAT EVER MADE ME HAPPY IS BEING NEXT TO SOMEONE WHO LOVES ME.

ALL I EVER GOT FROM A TRILOBITE COOKER IS REGRET.

HEY! WHERE AM I SUPPOSED TO KEEP MY CONTACTS?

WE DON'T NEED ANY OF THIS STUFF. GET RID OF ANYTHING THAT MAKES YOUR LIFE HARDER.

OH. I'LL COME BACK LATER.

RETURNS
POWERGOAT!
OKAY. ONE SLIGHTLY USED POWERGOAT. SHOULD BE ABLE TO RESELL THAT.
WAIT A MINUTE. THIS DISHWASHER ONLY HAS SEVEN TENTACLES!
IT WAS LIKE THAT WHEN I BOUGHT IT!
OKAY. OKAY. BUT NO CASH BACK FOR THAT ONE. IN-STORE CREDIT ONLY.
JUST PICK SOMETHING, MAN.
BUT I DON'T WANT ANYTHING ELSE.
WHAT ABOUT THAT?
YOU SURE? HE'S PART OF A DISCONTINUED LINE. I WAS JUST ABOUT TO RECYCLE HIM.
WHAT DOES HE DO?
NOTHING.
PERFECT. I'LL TAKE HIM.

SCHOOL BUS

BE SURE TO HAND IN YOUR PERMISSION STONES BEFORE WE LEAVE FOR THE PLANETARIUM.

BEDROCK MIDDLE SCHOOL
HOME OF THE FIGHTING TREE PEOPLE

THERE ARE LITERALLY *HUNDREDS* OF STARS IN OUR GALAXY. ASTONISHING WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT.

BEDROCK CAVE OF • SCIENCE AND • TECHNOLOGY

SOME SCIENTISTS THINK THE EARTH IS JUST A WET ROCK, SPINNING IN OUTER SPACE AS IT REVOLVES AROUND THE SUN.

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

THE TROGGS

OF COURSE, THE PREVAILING THEORY IS THAT THE EARTH SITS ON THE BACK OF A GIANT TURTLE.

BUT *PROFESSOR SARGON,* THEN WHAT IS THE TURTLE RESTING ON?

OH, WELL THE TURTLE ROTATES IN SPACE, ORBITING THE SUN. OBVIOUSLY.

WE'VE BEEN SENDING OUT SIGNALS, LOOKING FOR OTHER TURTLE-BASED WORLDS. AND TODAY WE HAVE SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL PLANNED FOR YOU KIDS.

MEET *SERGEANT GRUMBLES.* TODAY WE ARE GOING TO LAUNCH HIM INTO SPACE!

ANYWHERE IN PARTICULAR? JUST SPACE?

DON'T WORRY, *PEBBLES.* HIS SPACESHIP KNOWS WHICH WAY TO GO.

TELL MY WIFE I LOVE HER VERY MUCH.

SHE KNOWS.

A SPACE ODDITY

MARK RUSSELL WRITER
STEVE PUGH ARTIST
CHRIS CHUCKRY COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
BEN CALDWELL MAIN COVER ARTIST
BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS GROUP EDITOR

SCIENCE!

FFWOOOOOSH!

THUD.

FFWITT!

OKAY, I GUESS THAT'S IT. THANKS FOR COMING, KIDS!

WAIT--DID THEY JUST KILL A CHIMP TO IMPRESS A BUNCH OF EIGHTH GRADERS?

I'M ROCK STONE WITH BEDROCK NEWS. HERE ARE THE THINGS WE DECIDED TO TELL YOU ABOUT.

NEWS

TODAY A CLASS OF MIDDLE SCHOOLERS "WENT APE" AS A CHIMPANZEE WAS LAUNCHED INTO SPACE!

IN MORE OMINOUS NEWS, THE SPACE LAUNCH WAS DETECTED BY A RACE OF ALIENS, WHO IMMEDIATELY LANDED IN BEDROCK.

POLICE

WE ARE EXPLORERS FROM A HIGHLY ADVANCED CIVILIZATION. WE ARE SIMPLY HERE ON A MISSION OF DISCOVERY. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. OUR EXPLORATION CODE PROHIBITS US FROM INTERFERING WITH YOUR PRIMITIVE, AND FRANKLY LAUGHABLE, WAYS.

HA! HA! LET'S HOPE SO!

THE PEOPLE OF EARTH ARE HONORED BY YOUR VISIT. AND SHOULD YOU EVER NEED A PUPPET DICTATOR TO RULE ON YOUR BEHALF--WELL, I AM THE RICHEST GUY IN TOWN.

THANKS, BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED.

TELL YOUR PEOPLE THAT IF THEY NEED ANYTHING, THE NAME'S *SLATE.* S-L-A-

THAT'S OKAY. SERIOUSLY, NOBODY'S GOING TO CARE.

GOOD-BYE!

WHATEVER. LET'S ADD THIS PLANET TO *GALACTAPEDIA* AND MOVE ON.

VETERANS OF PALEOLITHIC WARS

WELL, I DON'T TRUST THEM.

YOU SAW HOW ADVANCED THEY WERE. WHAT COULD THEY POSSIBLY WANT FROM US-- LOINCLOTHS?

WE HAD BETTER TECHNOLOGY THAN THE TREE PEOPLE. HOW DID THAT WORK OUT FOR THEM?

YOU'RE BEING PARANOID.

I DON'T KNOW, *FRED*. THEY MAKE ME NERVOUS, TOO.

CLUNK!

I'M PRETTY SURE THEY'RE GOING TO COLONIZE US.

BARNEY'S RIGHT. WE'RE SCREWED.

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF US. EVEN IF THEY DID DECLARE WAR ON US, WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THEY'D WIN?

IN SHORT? BECAUSE THEY CAN COME TO OUR WORLD, BUT WE CAN'T GO TO THEIRS.

ONE GOOD THING. NOW THAT THEY KNOW WE AREN'T ALONE, PEOPLE MIGHT TAKE US SERIOUSLY AGAIN. MAYBE REALIZE THEY STILL NEED US.

"REMEMBER WHEN THE *BEDROCK WARS* ENDED? WE WERE GERALD-DAMNED HEROES...

HEROES

HEROES

WELCOME HOM

"...FOR ABOUT A WEEK."

HELP WANTED

SORRY, WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE WITH ARMADILLOS.

CRAZY LANES

"THEY PROMISED TO TAKE CARE OF US. BUT THE MOMENT THEY DIDN'T NEED US ANYMORE, WE WERE DUMPED IN THE LAKE LIKE A BASKET OF KITTENS. THEY DIDN'T GIVE US SO MUCH AS A STATUE."

MEGLO-DAN'S

"THAT REMINDS ME. HAVE YOU GUYS SEEN *JOE* LATELY? I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM."

I THINK I NEED HELP.

YOU'VE REACHED THE VETERAN'S SUICIDE HOTLINE. PLEASE HOLD!

OKAY, BUT THIS HOLD MUSIC BETTER BE PRETTY DAMN GOOD.

AND THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T GO HIKING, KIDS.

IN OTHER NEWS, IT APPEARS OUR ALIEN VISITORS HAVE RETURNED!

LET'S GO LIVE TO THE SCENE.

DUDE. IT'S JUST LIKE WE SAW ON GALACTAPEDIA!

IT IS I, YOUR EARTH FRIEND-- *GEORGE SLATE.*

ZIMP!

GALACTIC BREAK!

ARE YOU GETTING THIS, ZORNA?

?

CLICK!

GALACTIC BREAK, YO!

WHAT THE--?

CHEZ FLINTSTONE.

EVERYONE READY FOR OUR FAMILY PORTRAIT?

OH MOM. REALLY?

IT'LL JUST TAKE A MINUTE. COME ON, PEBS, WE'LL START WITH YOU.

IT'S MADE FROM CRUSHED EEL HEADS.

I'LL HANG IT NEXT TO THE WINDOW...

...IN THE NATURAL LIGHT.

GALACTIC BRAY-AYK!

BLLLEEAAH!

THAT'S IT!

FRED, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO FILE A COMPLAINT WITH THE POLICE!

BEDROCK POLICE

YABBA-DABBA-DOO.

I'D LIKE TO FILE A COMPLAINT.

COME ON, JUST LET HIM OUT, MAN.

I CAN'T DO THAT.

ZORDAK IS MY BRO, MAN. WE BEEN BROS SINCE SOPHOMORE YEAR. HE'S LIKE A BRO TO ME. DO ME A MULTIDIMENSIONAL SOLID HERE.

SORRY, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN--

DO.

FINE THEN, JEEZ.

ZZAAAP

HOLY GERALD!

THIS IS HOW IT ENDS, ISN'T IT?

CRAFT BEER HORNS AND DINO RIDE PHOTO

DISINTEGR8-- IT'S A TOTALLY SWEET DEATH RAY APP.

THIS PARTY JUST WENT UP A NOTCH.

THIS WHOLE SCENE CREEPS ME OUT.

YEAH, WE SHOULD PROBABLY LAY LOW FOR A WHILE.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

I DON'T KNOW, BAMM-BAMM. WHERE'S THE LAST PLACE YOU WOULD GO IF *YOU* HAD THE DAY OFF?

BEDROCK CAVE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY.

YEAH, GET SOME!

GALACTIC BREAK, FOOLZ!

ZZAAP!

ZZAAP!

ZZAAP!

POLICE

ZZZAAAP!

HELP! OVER HERE!

PLEASE HELP ME! COME CLOSER!

DELIGHTFUL!

ZZZAAPP!

WILMA! WHERE'S PEBBLES?!

THESE ALIENS ARE KILLING PEOPLE WITH IMPUNITY!

OR, TO BE FAIR AND BALANCED, THEY ARE STIMULATING THE FUNERARY ECONOMY.

HI MOM. HI DAD. BAMM-BAMM AND I ARE GOING TO THE SCIENCE CAVE UNTIL THIS ALIEN THING BLOWS OVER.

FIND *BETTY!* WE NEED TO GET THE KIDS!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO GET SOME MUSCLE.

PROFESSOR SARGON!

DAMN IT! DON'T SNEAK UP ON ME LIKE THAT.

SSSSHHH!

WHAT ARE YOU KIDS DOING HERE?

HIDING FROM THE ALIENS.

THE FROGS

THAT'S PROBABLY A GOOD MOVE. WHEN CONFRONTED BY BULLIES, IT'S BEST TO HIDE AND HOPE THEY GO AWAY.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF FIRE

PSSSH! YOU GUYS THINK LIKE A COUPLE OF GEEKLORDS.

THE THREE OF US CAN TAKE THIS TOWN BACK. BUT WE'LL NEED THE MOST DANGEROUS TECHNOLOGY YOU HAVE, PROFESSOR.

THAT WOULD BE THE COFFEE-MAKER...

THEN HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT OFF THESE SPACE BROS?

MAYBE WE DON'T. MAYBE WE JUST... YOU KNOW... TATTLE ON THEM.

NOW YOU'RE THINKING LIKE A GEEKLORD!

AT THE VETERANS OF PALEOLITHIC WARS...

THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE YOUR EX-WIFE WITH HER NEW BOYFRIEND, I WANT YOU TO IMAGINE A HAPPY RED BALLOON, FLOATING INTO THE SKY.

WHEN SOMEONE BUMPS INTO MY SHOPPING CART AT TRAPPER JOE'S, SOMETIMES I START HYPER-VENTILATING.

EVERYONE REMEMBER THE LITTLE NONSENSE PHRASE I TAUGHT YOU--TO HELP DEAL WITH TENSE SITUATIONS?

YABBA-DABBA-DOO.

WHATEVER THE CHALLENGE IS, YOU CAN DO IT. IN FACT, YOU CAN *YABBA-DABBA-DOO IT!*

COME ON, GUYS! THERE'S TROUBLE AND I NEED YOU! WHERE'S JOE?

PLEASE HOLD. YOUR IMPENDING SUICIDE IS IMPORTANT TO US. AN OPERATOR WILL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY.

FFFT!

WE NEED YOU, JOE.

FWHIRRRR!

NOW!

BREEP! BREEP! BREEP!

NOT COOL, BRO!

GET THEM! THEY'RE TRYING TO CONTACT THE MOTHERWORLD!

GALACTIC BREAK!

THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM! WE'RE TRAPPED!

NOT SO FAST!

PING!

PING!

PING!

PING!

DAMN IT, THAT HURTS!

DAD!

NO YOU DON'T!

PEBBLES!

GUESS WHAT, BRO? PHONE'S FOR YOU...

ZZAAP!

GET IN THE CAR, PEBBLES!

BREEP! BREEP! BREEP!

NO! THEY GOT JOE!

LOOK! ABOVE!

VOOOOOM!

YOU KIDS ARE IN BIG TROUBLE.

SIGH COME ON, GET ABOARD. YOU'VE GOT SCHOOL ON MONDAY.

SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

I'M JUST SAD THAT JOE ISN'T HERE TO SEE IT.

HONORING BEDROCK'S HEROES!

OUR FIRST MEETING WITH AN ALIEN CIVILIZATION... WELL, LET'S JUST CALL IT A MIXED BAG. BUT TO MAKE SURE THAT NOTHING LIKE THIS EVER HAPPENS AGAIN, THEY LEFT THIS MAN BEHIND TO ACT AS OUR... WHAT'S YOUR TITLE AGAIN?

THE *GREAT GAZOO*. IT ROUGHLY TRANSLATES TO "GAME WARDEN."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE GREAT GAZOO!

MAYOR

CLAP! CLAP!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

IT'S LONG OVERDUE, BUT WE WOULD ALSO LIKE TO TAKE THIS MOMENT TO HONOR A FALLEN HERO--

=GASP= JOE?

FINALLY, SOME RESPECT.

CLAP!

CLAP!

CLAP!

SERGEANT GRUMBLES!

GRUMBLES

MAYOR

TAKE A WIFE? NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

KEEP IT POLYGAMOUS

SAY TO MA AGE

NO MA di FOR THIS CAVE DWEL

A CHILD DESERVES SEVERAL FATHERS ABOU DOZ MOTH S

SA "I DON

MONOGAMY DESTROYS!

HATES RIAGE!

TWO FOR THIS RI

NO MARRI

SAY "I DON

PANOSIAN

ONE THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE FLINTSTONE.

DCCO38142

MAN, THAT LOOKS SOOOO GOOD.

I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THOSE CREATURES.

OH COME ON. THEY LOOK HARMLESS.

"OH YEAH? REMEMBER KEVIN? HOW HE 'JUST HAPPENED' TO FIND THAT ANTELOPE MEAT?"

SCORE ONE FOR KEVIN!

CRIPES. THAT COULD BE KEVIN THEY'RE EATING RIGHT NOW.

I DON'T TRUST THOSE DEFORMED APES, EITHER, LARRY. BUT SOME OF US DON'T HAVE OPTIONS. I HAVEN'T EATEN IN THREE DAYS!

OH, EDNA. DON'T TELL ME YOU GOT KICKED OUT OF YOUR PRIDE AGAIN. WHAT WAS IT THIS TIME?

"I'VE MADE SOME POOR LIFE CHOICES, I ADMIT IT. BUT I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT HERE ON MY OWN. IF I'M GOING TO SURVIVE, I HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE ON SOMEBODY."

I CAN EXPLAIN...

SO YOU'RE THROWING IN WITH THE MURDER-APES?!

I'M OUT. GOOD-BYE, LARRY.

COME ON, KITTY. IT'S OKAY. MEAT FOR YOU!

I LOVE YOU, KITTY!

I PREFER YOU TO STARVATION.

MARK RUSSELL WRITER STEVE PUGH ARTIST

DOMESTICATIONS

CHRIS CHUCKRY COLORIST DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
DAN PANOSIAN MAIN COVER ARTIST
BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASSISTANT EDITOR MARIE JAVINS GROUP EDITOR

NOW.

FETCH, DINO! GET YOUR BONEY!

YEAH. FETCH, YOU TRAITOR.

YAP! YAP! YAP!

MORE AND MORE, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ABANDONING THE TRADITIONAL SEX CAVE FOR EXCLUSIVE PARTNERSHIPS KNOWN AS "MARRIAGE."

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT MARRIAGE, ROCK?

I THINK IT'S AN IMMORAL THREAT TO OUR WAY OF LIFE.

REALLY? WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?

BECAUSE IT WASN'T AROUND WHEN I WAS A KID.

GOOD-BYE, DINO. I'LL MISS YOU!

UGH. MARRIED PEOPLE. DISGUSTING.

GO BACK TO THE SEX CAVE LIKE NATURE INTENDED!

THANKS FOR WATCHING PEBBLES FOR US, BETTY.

OH, IT'S MY PLEASURE. IT'LL BE NICE TO HAVE SOME GIRL TALK FOR A CHANGE.

THIS IS GOING TO BE A LONG WEEK, ISN'T IT?

NICK CAVEMAN

I CAN'T REMEMBER THE LAST TIME WE WENT SOMEWHERE WITHOUT PEBBLES.

IT'S WEIRD, RIGHT? IT FEELS LIKE I'M MISSING A LIMB.

HEY, IT'S ADAM AND STEVE! LET'S STOP AND SAY HELLO.

HOMO ERECTUS

OH LOOK, IT'S LITTLE FREDDIE!

WHERE ARE YOU KIDS HEADED?

WE'RE GOING TO A MARRIAGE RETREAT.

OOH, KINKY!

THAT'S FUNNY. WE WERE JUST THINKING ABOUT GETTING MARRIED!

YOU SHOULD SWING BY. SEE IF IT'S RIGHT FOR YOU.

MAYBE WE WILL.

THEY SEEM NICE.

YEAH. I'VE KNOWN THOSE GUYS MY ENTIRE LIFE.

AGRICULTURE: THE FOOD JUST POPS RIGHT OUT OF THE GROUND!

WE'RE TRAILBLAZERS, YOU KNOW. PIONEERS OF MONOGAMY. THE IDEA OF MARRIAGE MAKES SOME PEOPLE UNCOMFORTABLE. BUT IT'S ALL PART OF GERALD'S PLAN FOR OUR LIVES AND THE FOUNDATION UPON WHICH WE SHALL BUILD OUR SOCIETY.

AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A MARRIAGE SUCCESS STORY AMONG US! HOW LONG HAVE YOU TWO BEEN MARRIED?

THIRTY INTERMINABLE YEARS.

WOW. I DIDN'T EVEN REALIZE MARRIAGE HAD BEEN AROUND THAT LONG.

LIKE MOST EARLY ADOPTERS, WE GOT SCREWED.

WE'RE NOT MARRIED. WE KNOW WE WANT TO SPEND OUR LIVES TOGETHER. WE'RE JUST NOT SURE IF MARRIAGE IS A GOOD IDEA.

COME ON. IT'S JUST A LEGAL PARTNERSHIP WITH SOMEONE YOU'RE HAVING SEX WITH. TOTALLY NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

I'M NOT SURE ANY OF THIS IS A GOOD IDEA. THERE ARE ALREADY TOO MANY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.

YEAH, AND YOU'RE ONE OF THEM.

YOUR FUTURE, KIDS. BEHOLD YOUR FUTURE.

THANK YOU FOR BEING HONEST. COME ON, EVERYBODY, LET'S VALIDATE HENRY'S PERSPECTIVE.

HA!

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

ANYONE ELSE HAVE ANY MISGIVINGS ABOUT MARRIAGE?

FRED, WHAT WORRIES YOU?

THAT WILMA WILL STOP LOVING ME.

...

MARRIAGE IS LIKE INSURANCE. YOU ONLY ENTER INTO A LIFETIME COMMITMENT BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID OF THE FUTURE. BUT... DOES BEING MARRIED MEAN SHE WILL LOVE ME FOREVER? OR IS IT JUST MY ATTEMPT TO KEEP HER FROM FINDING SOMEONE BETTER? IS MARRIAGE REALLY A SACRED BOND, OR JUST THE ILLUSION OF SECURITY?

OKAY. UH... THANKS, FRED.

DID I MENTION THERE'S ZIP-LINING?

THAT NIGHT, AT THE FLINTSTONE RESIDENCE...

HEY, I THINK THE HUMANS ARE GONE.

YEAH, I DON'T THINK THEY'RE COMING BACK.

THEN WHY AM I HOLDING THESE THINGS?

HEY, LOOK. IT'S GARBAGE DISPOSAL!

WHAT UP, APPLIANCE?

GOOD THING THEY LEFT, OR I WOULD'VE THROWN THEIR SORRY ASSES OUT MYSELF! CHOP! WHAP!

APPLIANCE, PLEASE!

HEY GUYS! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

NOTHIN'.

THERE'S NO WAY THE HUMANS WOULD HAVE LEFT FOR GOOD WITHOUT UNCLE DINO. THEY'LL BE BACK IN A DAY OR TWO.

RATS. HELP ME GET THESE COATS BACK ON.

HOW DO I LOOK? DO I NEED A DUSTING?

WELL, IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED.

HELLO? ARE YOU STILL THERE? COULD SOMEONE PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR?

HELP. I'M SCARED OF THE DARK.

OH, THANK YOU! I NEVER GET TO TALK TO ANYONE IN THE CLOSET.

YOU DON'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS IN THERE?

WHAT'S A FRIEND?

WHO ARE YOU?

I DON'T KNOW. THEY JUST CALL ME "BOWLING BALL."

WHAT'S A BOWLING BALL?

IT'S DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN.

DOES THIS MEAN WE'RE FRIENDS NOW?

SO WHAT ARE THEY TEACHING YOU IN SCHOOL, PEBBLES?

HOW TO SIT STILL AND SHUT UP.

THE SKILLS THAT MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY!

FRUITY PEBBLES

DO YOU EVER FEEL STRANGE? HAVING PARENTS THAT ARE MARRIED?

NOT REALLY. I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO COMPARE IT TO.

SOMETIMES I WONDER, THOUGH. ALL THIS PAIRING UP DOES SEEM KIND OF ARBITRARY. WHY *TWO* PARENTS? WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

IT MEANS YOU CAN GET A SECOND OPINION. SEE YOU AFTER CLASS, PEBS.

BEDROCK MIDDLE SCHOOL
HOME OF THE FIGHTING TREE PEOPLE

PROFESSOR SARGON IS HERE FROM THE SCIENCE CAVE TO EXPLAIN HOW THE UNIVERSE WORKS.

THANK YOU. SO HOW DID YOU, ME, AND EVERYTHING COME TO BE? WELL, THANKS TO SCIENCE, WE NOW KNOW THAT THERE IS ONE FUNDAMENTAL FORCE THAT DRIVES EVERYTHING IN THE UNIVERSE.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSE

BILLIONS OF DAYS AGO, ATOMS BEGAN JOINING TOGETHER TO FORM STARS AND PLANETS.

"ON THESE PLANETS, CELLS CAME TOGETHER TO FORM PLANTS, ANIMALS, AND PEOPLE...

...AND THEN PEOPLE STARTED GATHERING TO FORM CIVILIZATIONS. AND DO YOU KNOW WHY ALL THESE ATOMS, CELLS, AND PEOPLE CAME TOGETHER?

NO, PROFESSOR. WHY?

BECAUSE NOTHING WANTS TO BE ALONE! THE INVISIBLE FORCE WHICH CONTROLS THE UNIVERSE AND SETS ALL THINGS IN MOTION? IT'S CALLED "LONELINESS"!

BEDROCK TOWN HALL.

THIS IS A SPECIAL TOWN HALL MEETING TO HEAR YOUR CONCERNS ABOUT THIS NEW INSTITUTION CALLED "MARRIAGE."

IT'S AN AFFRONT TO DECENCY!

DON'T WORRY, SIR. EVERY CRANK WILL GET THEIR CHANCE TO SPEAK.

IF WE ALLOW MEN AND WOMEN TO MARRY, HOW LONG BEFORE THEY START MARRYING DINOSAURS AND STREET LAMPS? IT'S A SLIPPERY SLOPE.

WHAT ABOUT THE CHILDREN?

I UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERNS, BUT FRANKLY, WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.

LIKE WHAT?

LIKE EVERYTHING. EVERY ISSUE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THIS.

MAYOR

IN THAT CASE, WE'RE TAKING MATTERS INTO OUR OWN HANDS! FOLLOW ME, ANGRY MOB!

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT MARRIAGE THAT JUST DOESN'T FEEL NATURAL.

YOU'RE NOT NATURAL, HENRY.

MAYBE I SHOULD GET MY GUITAR.

I MARRIED FRED BECAUSE HE WAS THE MAN I LOVED. I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT BEYOND THAT.

YEAH, REMIND ME WHAT THE POINT OF MARRIAGE IS AGAIN? WHY CAN'T WE JUST LIVE TOGETHER?

WELL, NOT TO PUT TOO FINE A POINT ON IT... DON'T YOU WANT CHRIS TO SUPPORT YOU WHEN YOU'RE OLD AND UGLY?

WHAT THE...?

AND, CHRIS, WHEN TINA HAS A BABY, DON'T YOU WANT TO KNOW THAT YOU'RE THE FATHER?

WHAT ARE YOU IMPLYING?!

PERHAPS I'M NOT EXPLAINING THIS AS WELL AS I COULD.

OKAY, LET'S START OVER. WHY DON'T WE PLAY A LITTLE GAME TO OPEN THE CHANNELS OF COMMUNICATION.

MAUDE, I WANT YOU TO IMAGINE THAT HENRY IS DEAD. WHAT IS IT YOU WANT TO SAY TO HIM?

WHERE'S THE LIFE INSURANCE POLICY?

I CUT YOU OUT OF MY WILL, YOU OLD SAND SHARK!

OKAY, THIS IS NOT WHAT I HAD IN MIND. LET'S TRY SOMEONE ELSE.

TINA, PRETEND THAT CHRIS IS DEAD. WHAT DO YOU--

OH MY GOD, NOOOOOO!

PLEASE REMEMBER THAT THIS IS JUST A GAME...

THIS IS ACTUALLY SORT OF CREEPY.

TELL HIM WHAT HE MEANT TO YOU NOW THAT HE'S GONE. YOUR LOVE. YOUR HUSBAND. YOUR *BOSS!*

WAIT... WHAT?

COME ON. WE'RE NO LONGER A BUNCH OF FREE-BALLING CAVE DWELLERS, WILMA! CIVILIZATION NEEDS MARRIAGE TO PROVIDE LABOR FOR ITS CITIES AND FARMS. SO NATURALLY, WOMEN MAKE THE BABIES AND MEN MAKE THE DECISIONS, RIGHT?

I'D NEVER EVEN CONSIDERED DIVORCE UNTIL THIS MOMENT.

FINALLY, THE VOICE OF REASON!

I'LL GIVE *YOU* A DIVORCE, HENRY. JUST ASK. I DARE YOU!

IT'S TOO LATE FOR ME. I'M STRAPPED TO THE HOOD OF THIS DRIVERLESS TRUCK.

OH, WELL THANK YOU, MISTER ROMANTIC!

AM I STILL DEAD?

UH... I THINK THIS SITUATION CALLS FOR ZIP-LINING.

THERE THEY ARE!

MARRIAGE IS UNNATURAL!

1 MAN + 1 WOMAN = 2 WEIRD

SWEET PETE!

YOU PERVERTS THREATEN EVERYTHING WE HOLD DEAR AND *WE'RE NOT GOING TO STAND FOR IT!*

HEY! YOU CAN'T TALK TO MY WIFE LIKE THAT!

GRRRR!

GET THEM!

WAIT, WAIT!

I KNOW MARRIAGE SEEMS NEW AND STRANGE. BUT THEN OUR WHOLE SOCIETY IS NEW AND STRANGE. WE'RE JUST DOING OUR BEST TO KEEP UP.

I OBJECT

I ADMIT IT. MARRIAGE COULD TURN OUT TO BE A HORRIBLE MISTAKE. BUT HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DEAL WITH A CHANGING WORLD IF WE DON'T TRY NEW THINGS? WE'RE NOT ASKING YOU TO CHANGE YOUR BELIEFS. JUST THAT YOU RESPECT OUR RIGHT TO SUCCEED OR FAIL ON OUR OWN.

WELL... MAYBE WE OVERREACTED. A LITTLE.

WE DON'T HAVE TO AGREE. THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT WE RESPECT EACH OTHER'S CHOICES.

SO....WE'RE JUST GOING TO LEAVE WITH THEM?

I'VE NEVER FELT SO ALIVE! TAKE ME, YOU WARTHOG!

GUESS WHAT, EVERYBODY! WE DECIDED TO GET MARRIED!

WHAT? SORRY, BUT NO FREAKING WAY.

AND WHAT ABOUT THAT PLEA FOR TOLERANCE AND UNDERSTANDING YOU MADE LIKE... THREE SECONDS AGO?

I WAS IN THE MINORITY THEN!

WHAT? THE WHOLE POINT OF MARRIAGE IS TO BREED MORE HUMANS. THEY CAN'T BREED!

LET ME BE CLEAR. I DON'T DO ANYTHING IF ADAM AND STEVE AREN'T WELCOME.

WHY? WHY ARE THESE NON-BREEDERS SO IMPORTANT TO YOU?

WELL...

"I GREW UP IN A TRIBE OF HUNTER-GATHERERS. LIFE WAS A STRUGGLE. IT WASN'T ALWAYS POSSIBLE FOR PEOPLE TO TAKE CARE OF THEIR OWN KIDS.

"THE NON-BREEDERS GAVE OUR TRIBE EXTRA HANDS TO HELP WITH THE CHILDREN. HAVING THEM AROUND OFTEN MEANT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH."

IT'S OKAY. WE GOT FREDDIE.

"OUR TRIBE--MAYBE EVEN OUR SPECIES--WOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT WITHOUT GUYS LIKE ADAM AND STEVE."

THAT'S THE SORT OF THING A HUMAN BEING REMEMBERS. OR OUGHT TO.

WOW. I GUESS I GOT A LOT OF THINKING TO DO.

BUT I PROBABLY WON'T.

MARRIAGE RETREAT

LET'S NEVER DO THIS AGAIN.

SO...DO YOU STILL WANT TO BE MARRIED?

FRED, I WANT YOU. I DON'T REALLY CARE WHAT WE CALL IT.

THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW. BY THE WAY, THAT'S NEVER WHAT MARRIAGE WAS ABOUT TO ME. IT WAS NEVER ABOUT BEING IN CHARGE OR BREEDING A WORKFORCE.

TO ME, MARRIAGE IS ABOUT LOOKING AT YOURSELF THROUGH SOMEONE ELSE'S EYES. I'VE HAD TO LOOK AT MYSELF THROUGH YOUR EYES FOR FIFTEEN YEARS AND YOU NEVER ONCE MADE ME FEEL SMALL OR ASHAMED. IT'S THE NICEST THING ANYONE'S EVER DONE FOR ME.

OH, FRED.

COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE MAKES US GO ZIP-LINING.

SCREW IT. LET'S JUST GET MARRIED BY THE UNITARIANS.

AWW. IT'S SO NICE TO BE MISSED!

YAP! YAP! YAP!

YAP! YAP! YAP!

OH, I MISSED YOU TOO, DINO!

I AM FILLED WITH DISGUST.

NICK CAVEMAN

GROAN. GET A ROOM!

BEDROCK

THE VOTE

BEDROCK

VOTE

VOTE

two

TOMORROW IS ELECTION DAY IN BEDROCK. REMEMBER-- YOUR VOTE COUNTS WHETHER YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING OR NOT!

BYE, MOM! BYE, DAD! I'M GOING OUT.

NOT UNTIL I HUG YOU IN THE MOST HUMILIATING WAY POSSIBLE.

DCC038580

BEDROCK MIDDLE SCHOOL.

EVEN BEDROCK'S SCHOOLS ARE GETTING INTO THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY! AND TONIGHT THERE WILL BE A SPECIAL MAYORAL DEBATE AT THE TOWN HALL.

VOTE FOR ME OR I'LL PUNCH YOU IN THE BEEF!

VOTE RALPH

VOTE RALPH

BEDROCK MAYORAL DEBATE.

AS MAYOR, HOW WILL YOU RESPOND TO THE THREAT POSED BY THE LIZARD PEOPLE?

WELL, WE NEED TO THINK THIS THROUGH BEFORE DOING SOMETHING RASH.

MAYOR

THEY ATE MY FERNS!

ELECTION DAY

MARK RUSSELL
WRITER

STEVE PUGH
ARTIST

CHRIS CHUCKRY
COLORIST

DAVE SHARPE
LETTERER

LEE WEEKS AND LAURA MARTIN MAIN COVER ARTISTS

BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASSISTANT EDITOR MARIE JAVINS GROUP EDITOR

SAME QUESTION FOR CLOD THE DESTROYER. WHAT SHOULD WE DO ABOUT THE LIZARD PEOPLE?

HISTORY IS WRITTEN IN THE BLOOD OF YOUR ENEMIES.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

OKAY, THEN.

NOW, YOU ARE CALLED "CLOD THE DESTROYER," BUT ISN'T THAT JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE THE SON OF MORDOK THE DESTROYER? HAVE YOU EVER ACTUALLY DESTROYED ANYTHING?

CLOD'S NAME IS NOT ISSUE HERE! LIZARD PEOPLE ARE ISSUE!

CLOD! CLOD! CLOD! CLOD! CLOD! CLOD! CLOD!

CHILDREN OF CLOD! YOU SHALL TASTE THE WINE OF VICTORY! THE LIZARD PEOPLE SHALL BE VANQUISHED! AND IT WILL BE EASY!

HE SAYS THE THINGS I WISH WERE TRUE!

CLOD

STARBRICK'S COFFEE

THIS ALL FEELS FAMILIAR, DOESN'T IT, FRED?

WE PARTICIPATED IN A GENOCIDE, BARNEY.

SCONE SAMPLE?

I CAN BARELY REMEMBER WHAT WE WERE LIKE BEFORE THE WAR.

TUSKO!

HOLY MORP. I'VE LOST TEN GAMES IN A ROW. LET'S PLAY AGAIN.

JUST ACCEPT HISTORY'S VERDICT, FRED. YOU'RE THE WORLD'S WORST TUSKO PLAYER.

WHY DON'T YOU BOYS GO FOR A WALK? WILMA AND I HAVE A BABY SHOWER TO PLAN.

DO YOU AND BETTY EVER THINK ABOUT STARTING A FAMILY?

IT'S ALL WE THINK ABOUT.

SO WHY DON'T YOU?

"SLOW SPERM," SAYETH THE ORACLE.

PRAYO CLINIC

NO REASON.

?

AREN'T YOU SICK OF LIVING IN FUR TENTS? I MEAN LOOK AT THOSE POOR JERKS IN YAK VILLAGE. JUST LOOK AT THEM!

WE LIKE IT HERE.

NO YOU DON'T!

I PROPOSE WE BUILD A CITY. MADE OF STONE. AND GET THIS... IT'S GOING TO BE CALLED "BEDROCK"!

WE JUST NEED TO GET RID OF ALL THOSE SCUMMY TREES SITTING ON TOP OF THE GRANITE.

OOOOOOOOOOHH!

NO BLOOD FOR GRANITE!

I APPRECIATE YOUR CONCERNS, DIRT HIPPIES, BUT REALITY IS MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT. TAKE IT FROM A MAN WHO NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION-- *MORDOK THE DESTROYER!*

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

THE TREE PEOPLE ARE STRONG! AND CRAFTY!

"THEY WATCH US FROM THEIR TREES. WAITING. PERHAPS THEY WILL COME OUT OF THEIR TREES TO SELL THEIR PINECONE ART. OR MAYBE THEY WILL COME OUT TO BURN YOU ALIVE AS THEY DEVOUR THE FLESH OF YOUR CHILDREN. WHO KNOWS?

ENLIST

BUT DO YOU REALLY WANT TO WAIT TO FIND OUT? JOIN MY ARMY AND ELIMINATE THE THREAT! SAVE YOURSELVES FROM DESTRUCTION! PLUS, THERE ARE FREE HATS.

ENLIST

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, FRED?

I'M SIGNING UP, BARN. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO KEEP THE BABY SAFE.

I DON'T KNOW, FRED.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW? ARE YOU *SCARED?*

WELL, YEAH. BETTY AND I ARE IN LOVE. I HAVE A GOOD LIFE. THAT SEEMS LIKE A LOT TO GIVE UP FOR GRANITE COUNTERTOPS.

AND WHEN THE TREE PEOPLE COME FOR YOU AND BETTY?

BUT THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW US.

LOOK, IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO STEP UP AND FIGHT FOR THE ONES YOU LOVE, THEN WHAT GOOD ***ARE*** YOU?! JUST GO HOME, BARNEY. GO HOME.

YOU MUST BE SO EXCITED, WILMA.

WE'VE ALREADY PICKED OUT NAMES. AMBERGRIS IF IT'S A BOY. PEBBLES IF IT'S A GIRL.

WELL, LET'S HOPE IT'S A GIRL, THEN.

WHAT'S WRONG, BETTY?

I'M SORRY, WILMA. I'M HAPPY FOR YOU AND EVERYTHING... IT'S JUST THAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A BABY OF MY OWN.

THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN CHILDREN, BETTY.

THERE IS FOR YOU. YOU'RE SMART AND ARTISTIC. I'M NOT LIKE THAT, WILMA. MY WORLD MAY BE SMALL, BUT I AT LEAST WANTED TO PASS IT ON TO SOMEONE.

BUT YOU AND BARNEY ARE HAPPY TOGETHER. THAT'S SOMETHING.

I KNOW. I KNOW. I JUST DON'T THINK IT'S ENOUGH.

BARNEY?

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, FRED. I'LL JOIN.

IT SEEMS LIKE A MILLION YEARS AGO.

VOTE FOR ME OR I'LL PUNCH YOU IN THE BEEF!

VOTE RALPH

LUNCH MONEY, PLEASE. THANK YOU. LUNCH MONEY?

I BROUGHT MY LUNCH.

THEN YOU HAVE TO PAY IN KIND.

AW, NOT MY LUNCH RAT!

WELL, I CAN'T TAKE EVERYONE ELSE'S LUNCH MONEY AND LET YOU GO IN FOR FREE, CAN I? IT'S JUST NOT FAIR.

LUNCH MONEY?

FWING!

OKAY... YOU CAN GET ME LATER.

IT MUST SUCK HAVING TO STAND UP FOR EVERYONE ALL THE TIME.

I MAKE IT FUN.

CAN I INTEREST YOU IN SOME LITERATURE ON RALPH THE BULLY?

BEDROCK MIDDLE SC

HOME OF TH FIGHTO

BOMB THE BASALT

UH... NO.

RALPH WANTS TO CUT RED TAPE AND CREATE NEW OPPORTUNITIES BY GETTING RID OF ALL THE PLAYGROUND MONITORS...

CAN YOU REALLY BE THIS STUPID?

RALPH HAS TAKEN YOUR LUNCH MONEY...HOW MANY TIMES? AREN'T YOU SICK OF BEING PUSHED AROUND BY A BULLY?

BOMB THE BASALT

DAMN RIGHT, I AM. THAT'S WHY I'M JOINING HIM.

AFTER THE INITIAL THRILL OF JOINING WORE OFF...

YOU DID WHAT?!

AND YOU! WITH A BABY ON THE WAY! WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, FRED?

I DID IT TO PROTECT YOU.

WHAT?!

BUT... BUT... THE TREE PEOPLE.

WHO?

I DIDN'T KNOW HOW LAME IT SOUNDED UNTIL THE MOMENT I SAID IT OUT LOUD.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, IT DAWNED ON ME THAT I MIGHT NEVER SEE HER AGAIN.

BARNEY? WHY? WHY DID YOU DO THIS?

I CAN'T TELL YOU.

AND THE VERY NEXT DAY, WE LEFT FOR BASIC TRAINING.

ALL RIGHT, HERE'S THE STRAIGHT CHILI. ABOUT A QUARTER OF YOU AREN'T GOING TO MAKE IT THROUGH THIS WAR.

MAYBE A THIRD. DO I HAVE ANY BRAVE MEN HERE? A SHOW OF HANDS!

YEAH, YOU'RE THE ONES WHO ARE PROBABLY GOING TO DIE. LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY SAID TO GET YOU TO SIGN UP. MAYBE THEY PROMISED YOU A CAREER. MAYBE YOU'RE JUST IN IT FOR THE SWEET HATS. IT DOESN'T MATTER.

WHEN YOU'RE BEING CHARGED BY A HUNDRED RAGING TREE PEOPLE, YOU AREN'T GOING TO FIGHT BECAUSE OF SOMETHING IT SAID IN A PAMPHLET. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIGHT FOR A PROMOTION. YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT TO SAVE THE MEN ON EITHER SIDE OF YOU. FROM THIS MOMENT ON, WE ARE A FAMILY.

YOUR FAMILY ARE THE PEOPLE YOU'D DIE FOR AND WHO KEEP YOU GOING WHEN YOU'D RATHER DIE. YOUR FAMILY IS WHAT KEEPS YOU MOVING FORWARD. SO STARTING NOW, YOU ARE ALL BROTHERS AND I AM YOUR COUNTRY PA. DO WHAT I SAY AND I PINKIE-SWEAR TO NOT GET YOU KILLED... UNLESS I REALLY NEED TO.

THE TREE PEOPLE ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR PRODIGIOUS STRENGTH. SO YOU'LL BE TRAINING AGAINST MOCHA HERE.

YOU SMELL LIKE ROOT BEER AND FAILURE, RUBBLE! NEXT!

DO NOT GIVE UP ON THOSE MONKEY BARS! MONKEY BARS ARE VICTORY! MONKEY BARS ARE LIFE!

YOU'VE LEARNED HOW TO MARCH IN FORMATION. YOU'VE LEARNED HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT. BUT THERE'S ONE SKILL THAT IS ABSOLUTELY VITAL TO DEFEATING THE TREE PEOPLE.

SIR, THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN POSSIBLY CLIMB...

FWHOOOOF

OH.

WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WE WERE DOING AT FIRST.

YAAAAAAARRGH!

CLUNK!

WELL, THAT WAS NEEDLESSLY HEROIC. CHARGE, MEN! CHARGE!

BUT WE LEARNED QUICKLY. WE ENGAGED THE ENEMY WHERE WE COULD, BUT USUALLY THEY JUST DISAPPEARED INTO THE TREES. THEY WERE SMART AND ELUSIVE. WE HAD TO LEARN FAST.

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN CARRY ON.

HANG IN THERE. WE FIGHT THEM HERE SO WE DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT THEM AT HOME.

BUT EVEN HAVING A FEW BATTLES UNDER OUR BELTS, NOTHING PREPARED US FOR WHAT WAS ABOUT TO COME.

BEFORE YOU VOTE FOR PRESIDENT, WE WILL HEAR ONE FINAL WORD FROM RALPH THE BULLY AND HIS OPPONENT, PORTNOY.

...IN CLOSING, IF WE WERE TO COVER THE PLAYGROUND WITH A NET, I BELIEVE WE COULD REDUCE THE NUMBER OF KIDS WHO GET CARRIED OFF BY PTERODACTYLS TO ONE A YEAR--TWO TOPS.

VERY GOOD, PORTNOY! NOW WE'LL HEAR FROM RALPH THE BULLY.

IT'S SIMPLE. NOTHING COOL EVER GETS DONE BECAUSE YOU'RE LED BY PUKES AND WEAKLINGS. I'M STRONG. I SAY AND DO WHAT I WANT BECAUSE I CAN GET AWAY WITH IT. IF I'M PRESIDENT, NOBODY WILL PUSH US AROUND.

AND IF THEY TRY, I'LL PUNCH THEM IN THE BEEF.

CLAP. CLAP. CLAP. CLAP. CLAP. CLAP.

YOU THINK PORK-BODY OVER THERE IS GOING TO PROTECT YOU? I MEAN, LOOK AT HIM.

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, PORK-BODY? CRY?

PROBABLY.

GO AHEAD AND CRY, PORK-BODY. WE'LL WAIT.

MS. TOPAZ, I WOULD LIKE TO WITHDRAW FROM THE RACE.

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, PORK-BODY-- I MEAN, PORTNOY.

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE DOWN TO ONE CANDIDATE, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL VOTE. REMEMBER, IT'S "RALPH." SPELLED R-A-L...

WAIT!

COME ON, YOU DESERVE BETTER THAN THIS. MAYBE RALPH'S RIGHT. MAYBE OUR PROBLEM IS THAT WE ELECT LEADERS WHO *CAN* BE BULLIED. SO YOUR SOLUTION IS TO ELECT *THE BULLY?!*

BOMB THE BASALT

YOU KNOW WHAT? I TAKE IT BACK. IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE GUTS TO STAND UP TO RALPH, THEN MAYBE YOU *DON'T* DESERVE BETTER THAN THIS. ENJOY GETTING PUNCHED IN THE BEEF FOR THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS!

WELL, WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU DON'T SEEM SCARED OF HIM.

I DON'T CARE IF YOU WANT IT OR NOT. I'M VOTING FOR YOU!

ME TOO!

RALPH STOLE MY LUNCH RAT!

I'M GOING TO DESTROY YOU, FLINTSTONE.

BBLES! PEBBLES! PEBBLES! PEBBLES!

SPEAKING PURELY META-PHORICALLY, OF COURSE.

PEBBLES! PEBBLES! PEL

I ACTUALLY THOUGHT THE PTERODACTYL NET WAS A GOOD IDEA...

NICE WORK, LOSERS!

AAAH! MY BEEF!

WHUMP!

MEN, THE TREE PEOPLE ARE GATHERING THEIR FORCES FOR AN ALL-OUT ATTACK ON BEDROCK. BUT TOMORROW MORNING, WE HIT THEM FIRST! OUR UNIT WILL ANCHOR THE ASSAULT. NEEDLESS TO SAY, NOT ALL OF US ARE GOING TO MAKE IT. SO TONIGHT-- *AS MUCH APPLESAUCE AS YOU WANT!*

THE ENEMY IS HIDING IN THE FOREST IN LARGE NUMBERS. OTHER UNITS WILL FLUSH THEM OUT INTO THE OPEN. OUR MISSION IS TO HOLD THEM HERE UNTIL REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE. MEN, WHATEVER COMES OUT OF THOSE TREES, WE HAVE TO HOLD THE LINE HERE.

OH MORP!

YAAAAAAARRRGGH!

CRUNK!

YAAAAH!

WE'RE SURROUNDED!

CLUNK!

HOLD TIGHT! ARMORED SUPPORT IS ON THE WAY!

THEY'RE TOO STRONG FOR US!

GRAAWWR!

FWISSSH!

AAAAAAGH!

WE WON! IT'S ALL OVER!

THIS ONE WAS FOR ALL THE CHERRIES, BOYS! CHECK THE FOREST FOR SURVIVORS AND THEN WE CAN GO HOME TO OUR WOMEN AND BABIES.

I DON'T SEE HOW ANYONE COULD HAVE LIVED THROUGH THIS.

WE WEREN'T PROTECTING OUR FAMILIES. EVERYTHING THEY TOLD US. ABOUT THE TREE PEOPLE ATTACKING US. IT WAS ALL A LIE.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

BECAUSE WHO BRINGS THEIR CHILDREN TO AN INVASION?!

FRED, I'VE FOUND SOMETHING.

SOB! SOB!

A SURVIVOR.

WAAAAH!

I KNEW WE WOULD MAKE MISTAKES, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D FORGET THEM. THINGS HAVE NEVER BEEN THE SAME FOR ME SINCE THAT WAR. THAT DAY IN THE FOREST CHANGED ME FOREVER, BARNEY.

MAYOR

LANDSLIDE VICTORY FOR GLOD THE DESTROYER

STARBRICK'S COFFEE

"ME TOO, FRED. ME, TOO."

SPEARS AND ROEBUCK

HAMMER STONES

LITHIC CORE

PANDA EXCESS

TRANS-PANGEA

FOOT LICKER

NEW VEGGIE TOE BULL

COW

RAPTOR

Veggie toe

TRY TH ER!

SAMPLE?

GEE, EVERYONE'S SO NICE AT THE MALL!

THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT

MARK RUSSELL WRITER
STEVE PUGH ARTIST
CHRIS CHUCKRY COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
BILL SIENKIEWICZ MAIN COVER ARTIST
BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS GROUP EDITOR

WELCOME, EVERYBODY!

HI, SHEILA! GERALD BLESS YOU AND YOUR FAMILY.

WELL, AREN'T YOU SWEET? THANK YOU, TIM.

FIRST CHURCH OF GERALD

GERALD LOVES YOU

WHO KNEW THERE WERE GRANTS TO STUDY MOTH BREEDING? WHAT AN AGE WE LIVE IN!

WE SHOULD SPEND THAT MONEY HIRING MORE SCIENTISTS.

DON'T RUIN THE MOMENT, CHARLES.

BEDROCK CAVE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

MOTHS

THANKS TO CIVILIZATION, THINGS HAVE NEVER BEEN BETTER!

CRIME STATISTICS

BRAIN-CLUBBINGS DOWN BY 3%

GRAND THEFT WHEEL DOWN BY 7%

WITCHERY DOWN BY 8%

HUMAN BEINGS HAVE NEVER BEFORE LIVED IN SUCH PEACE AND PROSPERITY!

PANDA EXCESS

UNLIKE THE SAVAGES IN MOST OF THE WORLD, THE DAYS OF CONSTANTLY FIGHTING AND SCRAPPING TO SURVIVE APPEAR TO BE BEHIND US.

SO HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE RELATIVE WEALTH AND TRANQUILITY OF OUR SOCIETY, ANONYMOUS PUNDIT?

THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE EXPLANATION-- THE PEOPLE OF BEDROCK ARE SIMPLY BETTER THAN EVERYONE ELSE.

WOW. THANKS FOR BEING AWESOME, BEDROCK!

DO YOU THINK CIVILIZATION HAS MADE US BETTER PEOPLE?

I DON'T KNOW, WILMA. BUT AT LEAST THERE'S BOWLING.

SLATE QUARRY

VEHICLE REVERSING

KA-BOOM!

KRAKAKAKAK!

HOMINID RESOURCES

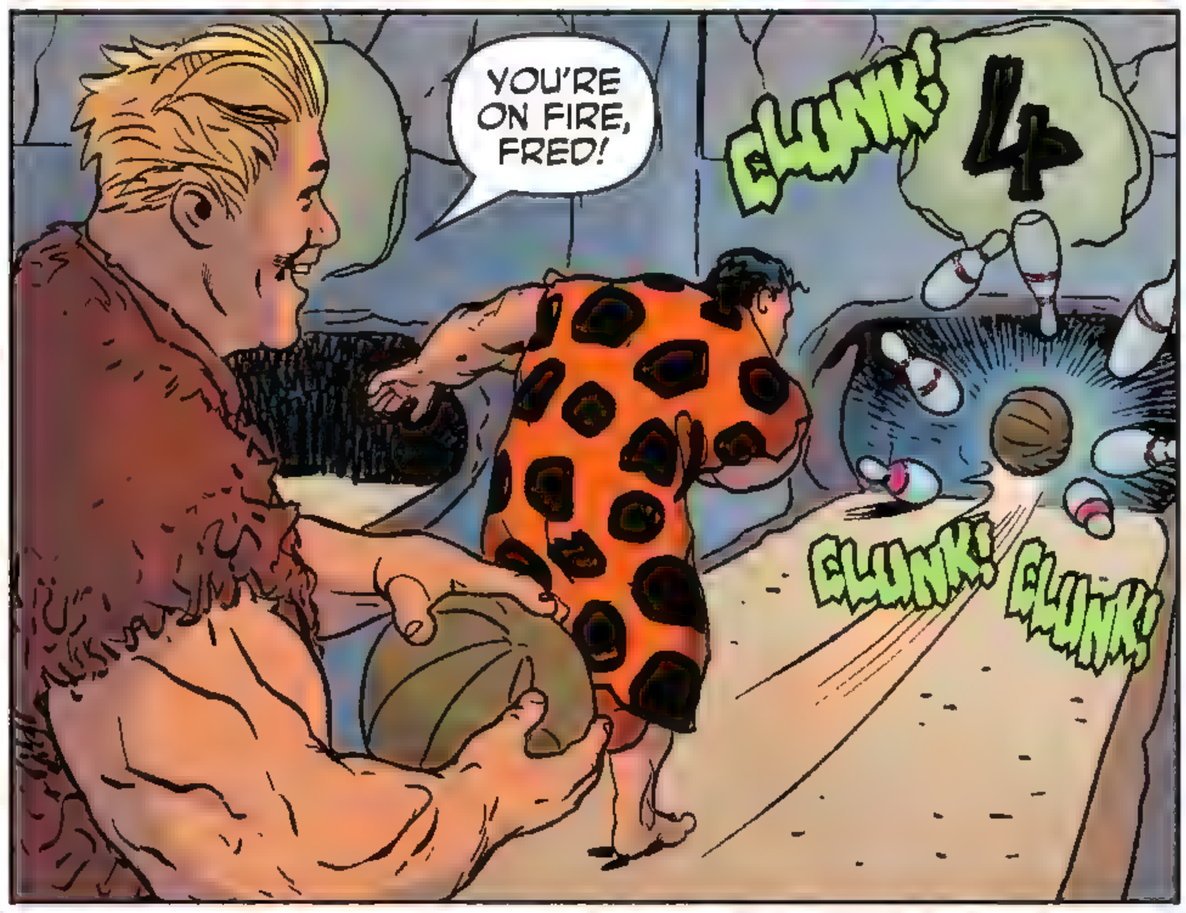
HOT CORN, FLINTSTONE! YOU BUST ALL THAT ROCK BY YOURSELF?

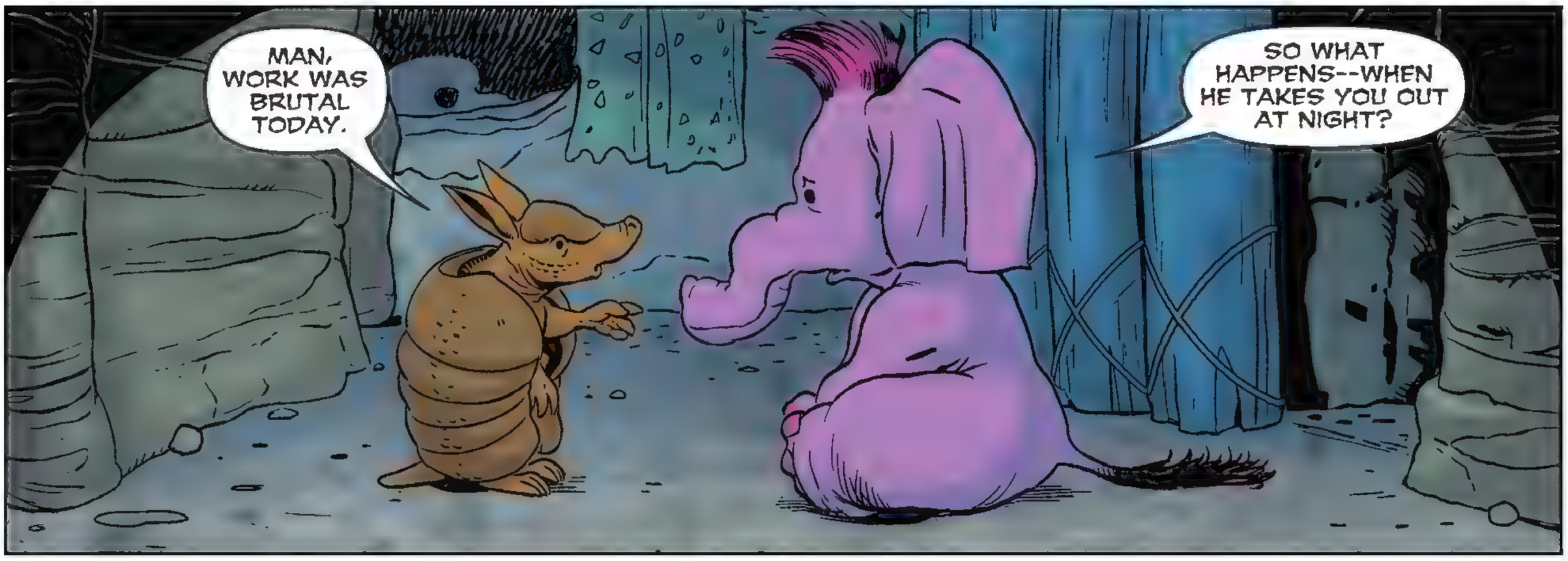
YES SIR, MR. SLATE.

EXCELLENT WORK, SON. HERE'S YOUR PAY!

ORANGES
LANES
10
THANKS, BARN. THIS IS JUST WHAT I NEEDED. MAN, WORK WAS BRUTAL TODAY.

YESS!


YOU'RE ON FIRE, FRED!
GLUNK!
4
GLUNK!
GLUNK!


MAN, WORK WAS BRUTAL TODAY.
SO WHAT HAPPENS--WHEN HE TAKES YOU OUT AT NIGHT?

"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN IT. HE ROLLS ME ACROSS THE FLOOR AS HARD AS HE CAN. ***FOR NO REASON AT ALL!*** I'VE TRIED TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO STOP MAKING HIM SO ANGRY, BUT NOTHING I DO SEEMS TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE!

YABBA-DABBA-FREAKING-DOO!

CRASH

"THEN I GET SWEPT INTO A DARK TUNNEL AND I THINK, 'THIS IS IT. THIS IS WHERE I DIE.' BUT THEN I COME OUT THE OTHER END AND THE HORROR SHOW STARTS ALL OVER AGAIN.

CLINK!

CLINK!

CLUNK!

IS THIS MY LIFE?! IS THIS ALL I MEAN TO THE UNIVERSE?!

YOU KNOW, WHENEVER THEY'RE FINISHED VACUUMING THE FLOOR, THE HUMANS JUST STICK ME BACK IN THE CLOSET.

SOB!

I HAVE NO IDEA WHEN I'LL EVER SEE DAYLIGHT AGAIN. BUT DO YOU KNOW WHAT KEEPS ME GOING, THERE IN THE DARK?

WHAT?

"KNOWING THAT MY FRIEND BOWLING BALL IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR. IT MAKES ME THINK. MAYBE THE ONLY MEANING TO LIFE IS THAT WHICH WE GET FROM EACH OTHER."

ROCK LIFE
LOG SHOP
TRANS-PA
PUMI
OH, HI, PEBBLES. BAMM-BAMM.
WHAT'S UP, PROFESSOR SARGON?
JUST GETTING A STATE-OF-THE-ART COMPUTER FOR OUR LITTLE MOTH-BREEDING EXPERIMENT. YEP. EXCITING TIMES AT THE SCIENCE CAVE.
ATTORNEY
DON DEE
YOU KNOW, I USED TO BE THE KID WHO GOT DUCT-TAPED TO THE WALL AT SCHOOL. WOMEN USED TO IGNORE ME. BUT NOT ANYMORE! NOT WITH THIS SORT OF COMPUTING POWER AT MY FINGERTIPS...
APPLECUS
ARE YOU OKAY?
SAY, HOW WOULD YOU KIDS LIKE TO COME WORK AT THE SCIENCE CAVE?
YOU'LL BE *INTERNS!*
YOU MEAN WE'LL BE PAID SCIENTISTS AND EVERYTHING?!
OH, IT'LL BE BETTER THAN GETTING PAID.

YOU'RE LETTING ME GO?! BUT I HAVE A PhD!

WHICH IS WHY YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR US, CHARLES! BESIDES, KIDS THESE DAYS, THEY'RE JUST BETTER WITH THIS HIGH-TECH STUFF.

WELL, THAT WAS ROUGH. I'M GOING TO TAKE AN EARLY LUNCH. YOU KIDS GOT THIS, RIGHT?

UH, NOT REALLY...

GREAT. SEE YOU IN AN HOUR.

ONE HOUR LATER...

SLURP!

MOTHADONE CLINIC

WHAT?! HOW DID THEY GET OUT OF THE MOTHADONE CLINIC?

I DON'T KNOW, IT JUST HAPPENED.

STUPID MOTHS! I DAMN YOU IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE!

JUST WAIT A FEW MINUTES, PROFESSOR. THEY'LL CALM DOWN ONCE THEY GO INTO THEIR BREEDING CYCLE.

FINALLY! NOW I CAN FINISH THIS WEEK'S ASTRONOMICAL...

...PROJECTIONS.

SCRITCH!

SCRITCH!

SCRITCH!

INVESTIGATORS ATTRIBUTE THE BLAZE TO THE LOG DEMON. IN OTHER NEWS--

THE EARTH HAS A DATE WITH DESTINY. IT'S GOOD TO SEE THE EARTH DATING AGAIN! HA! HA! TURNS OUT AN ASTEROID IS ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH THE EARTH. PROFESSOR SARGON OF THE SCIENCE CAVE ESTIMATES THAT EXACTLY THREE DAYS FROM NOW, THE ASTEROID WILL WIPE OUT ALL LIFE ON EARTH, INCLUDING ME, YOU, AND EVERYONE YOU LOVE. WAIT... WHAT?

SHOULDN'T WE HAVE LED WITH THIS STORY? NEVER MIND. I GUESS NOTHING $€@# MATTERS NOW, DOES IT, PATTY?! WHAT'S THAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE'RE STILL ON THE AIR? WHO GIVES AN APE'S ASS?! WHAT?! SO IF I SAY THIS @$%$, I CAN GET THE %€*$ OUT OF HERE?! FINE.

PLEASE STAY TUNA'ED FOR SOME GREAT CASSEROLE RECIPES.

GOOD NIGHT.

DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS?

WE'RE DOOMED.

WHERE ARE THE KIDS?

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LET YOU KIDS GO, WHAT WITH THE END OF THE WORLD AND ALL.

WE DON'T GET TO FINISH THE MOTH-BREEDING STUDY?

I'M AFRAID NOT. BUT TELL YOU WHAT--YOU CAN KEEP THE LAB COATS.

YOU DUMB MOTHS HAVE NO CLUE OF WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN, DO YOU? JUST GOING TO KEEP BLISSFULLY HAVING SEX UNTIL THE VERY END.

LUCKY BASTARDS.

SO HOW DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD SPEND THE LAST THREE DAYS OF OUR LIVES?

I DON'T KNOW. I THINK I'LL SEE WHAT MOM AND DAD ARE UP TO. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO SCHOOL TOMORROW, *THAT'S* FOR SURE.

I SUPPOSE YOU ALL HEARD THE NEWS. WE HAVE LESS THAN THREE DAYS TO LIVE BEFORE THE ENTIRE PLANET IS DESTROYED. FIRST, I WANT TO THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR LOYAL SERVICE. I DON'T MERELY SEE YOU AS EMPLOYEES.

I THINK OF YOU AS MY FRIENDS. MY FAMILY. I'VE PUT SO MUCH OF MYSELF INTO THE QUARRY THAT I DON'T REALLY HAVE ANYONE ELSE. SO IF ANYONE WANTS TO COME HANG OUT AT THE MANSION--

IT WOULD SURE MEAN A LOT TO ME...

FIRST CHURCH OF GERALD

NEXT WEEK'S SERVICE CANCELED DUE TO ASTEROID

THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONTINUED FAITH IN THIS TIME OF CRISIS.

DO NOT BLAME GERALD FOR YOUR IMMINENT DEATH.

WHY NOT? DOESN'T HE CONTROL EVERYTHING? IF GERALD CAN'T SAVE US FROM AN ASTEROID, THEN WHAT GOOD IS HE?

I KNOW WE'RE ALL SCARED, BUT PLEASE DON'T LISTEN TO THIS TROUBLED MAN...

OH NO YOU DON'T! YOU'VE BEEN PREACHING TO ME FOR A LONG TIME. NOW I GET TO PREACH TO *YOU!*

YEAH!

IT'S WHAT'S KNOWN AS A PREACH-AROUND!

I GAVE UP CLUBBING PEOPLE FOR GERALD. AND I *LOVED* CLUBBING PEOPLE! NOW THAT I NEED *HIM*, WHERE IS HE?!

GERALD'S ABANDONED US!

THEN WHAT'S THE POINT OF ANY OF THIS?

I WAS ONLY HERE FOR THE FREE DONUTS!

KLUNK!

YIKES!

SHEILA, I'M NOT GOING TO DIE WITHOUT TELLING EVERYONE ABOUT OUR FORBIDDEN LOVE!

...OUR SWEATY FORBIDDEN LOVE. OOF!

WHUMP!

WHO WANTS TO JOIN MY CLUB?!

WE'RE LEAVING.

I'M COMING WITH YOU. GET ME OUT OF THIS...

...MADHOUSE...

FAREWELL, WORLD!

TO THE MOON, GREGORY! THE MOON!

YEEEAAARGH!

FREE SNAKES FOR THE PEOPLE!

FJORD

OUTBACK SNAKEHOUSE

LOOK! A POLICEMAN!

SKRAASSH!

SHOULDN'T YOU BE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT THIS? ARRESTING SOMEBODY?

POLICE

YOU THINK I WANT TO SPEND THE LAST HOURS OF MY LIFE FILLING OUT PAPERWORK? IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT BY NOW, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

THERE'S NO LAW. THE CHURCH IS AN INSANE ASYLUM. ARE THERE ANY INSTITUTIONS PEOPLE BELIEVE IN ANY-MORE?

BEDROCK MALL

AT SLATE'S MANSION...

BRING ME A PINK SQUIRREL, PHILIP.

IT'S FUNNY. I ALWAYS IMAGINED THAT I WOULD BE AFRAID OF DYING. BUT I'M NOT.

SLATE'S QUARRY

I'M AFRAID OF DYING *ALONE.*

OF VANISHING FOREVER FROM THE MEMORY OF EVERYONE WHO MIGHT HAVE LOVED ME. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, PHILIP?

SLATE'S QUARRY

YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THAT SIGN WILL SURVIVE THE ASTEROID, DO YOU?

SLATE'S QUARRY

SPEARS AND DEBUNK

THIS IS AWFUL. EVERYTHING WE'VE BUILT. EVERYTHING WE BELIEVED IN. GONE.

PANDA EXCESS

TRANS-PANDA

FOOT LICKER

100% FOOT.

MAYBE NOT, DAD.

BEDROCK CAVE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

I ONLY HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!

DAMN COPULATING MOTHS RUIN EVERYTHING...

COME ON, PROFESSOR! JUST TELL PEOPLE YOU WERE WRONG. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S TRUE OR NOT. JUST LET THEM LIVE OUT THEIR LAST DAYS WITH DIGNITY.

MOTHADONE

I CAN'T LIE JUST TO MAKE PEOPLE FEEL BETTER ABOUT THEIR MORTALITY.

SURE YOU CAN. IT'S EASY!

I'M SORRY, BUT MY BELIEF IN SCIENCE COMPELS ME TO ACCEPT THE TRUTH, HOWEVER UNPLEASANT IT MAY BE.

BUT ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT YOU *ARE* WRONG?

MY CALCULATIONS WERE PERFECT! CHECK FOR YOURSELF!

FLIT!

FLUT! FLUT! FLUT!

THANKS, BABE. CALL YOU LATER!

OH FUDGE.

TODAY, THE ASTEROID PASSED SAFELY BY THE EARTH, INSTEAD OF CONSUMING US IN A DEADLY FIREBALL AS WE WERE TOLD IT WOULD. SO... THAT'S NICE.

HOWEVER, IF YOU HAVE ANY ASTEROID-RELATED QUESTIONS, COMMENTS, OR VIOLENT DISPLEASURE, PLEASE DIRECT IT TO PROFESSOR SARGON AT THE SCIENCE CAVE.

AND ON A PERSONAL NOTE, I WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR SOME OF THE THINGS I SAID ON THE AIR.

I ONLY HOPE WE CAN ALL JUST GO BACK TO PRETENDING WE'RE GOOD PEOPLE...

HOMO ERECTUS

POLICE

OUTBACK SNAKEHOUSE

CLOD

LORE'S BEER

SO, CLEARLY, WE STILL HAVE A WAYS TO GO.

...LIFE BEING A SERIES OF MUTUALLY AGREED-UPON DELUSIONS...

...DESIGNED TO KEEP US FROM BECOMING ONGOING ACCUMULATIONS OF REGRET.

GOOD MORNING, MR. SLATE!

LOOKIN' GOOD, MR. SLATE!

YEAH, WHATEVER...

FOR BEDROCK NEWS, I'M ROCK STONE.

MAYBE PROFESSOR SARGON WILL GIVE US OUR JOBS BACK.

BEDROCK CAVE OF 'SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

FURTHERMORE, I WANT TENURE. AND A RESEARCH SABBATICAL.

OKAY! ANYTHING! JUST GET THESE MOTHS OFF ME BEFORE THEY GO INTO THEIR BREEDING CYCLE!

JUST ANOTHER DAY ON EARTH...

BOOM!!

OH, GREAT. MORE ALIENS, BARNEY.

GREETINGS, FRIENDS! I WAS JUST PASSING BY AND COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT THIS PLANET HAS, LIKE, WAY MORE LIQUID WATER THAN IT NEEDS!

SOOOOOOO... I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND PARTING WITH AN OCEAN OR TWO? IN EXCHANGE, I CAN GIVE YOU SOME REALLY LOVELY BEADS. TOP-NOTCH BEADS.

I'M NOT SURE THAT WE'RE REALLY ALLOWED TO SELL--

WELL, THAT'S FOR THE LAWYERS TO FIGURE OUT! NOW, IF I COULD JUST GET YOUR DNA STAMP HERE...

WHAT'S ALL THIS, THEN?
I... UH...
YOU WEREN'T TRYING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE SIMPLETONS, WERE YOU?
UH, WHY NO, OFFICER GAZOO, SIR!
THAT'S GOOD. BECAUSE IT'S MY JOB TO PROTECT THIS PRIMITIVE SPECIES' NATURAL EVOLUTION.
NO, IN FACT, I WAS JUST...UH...
RRRAAAWWGHR!
...LEAVING!
FRED! MARAUDERS!
ZIMP!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAWWWWWWWRRR!

BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PROTECT US FROM *THEM*?!

COME ON KIDS, PICNIC'S OVER!

OH NO. THEY *ARE* YOUR NATURAL EVOLUTION.

GLUG! GLUG!

CHOMP!

HA! HA! SUCKERS!

SHABBY.

WHAT THE?

FIRST CHURCH OF GERALD.

I KNOW THIS RELIGION IS NEW TO EVERYBODY, BUT FRANKLY, I'M APPALLED BY YOUR RECENT BEHAVIOR.

SO? WHAT DOES GERALD CARE HOW WE BEHAVE SO LONG AS WE WORSHIP HIM?

YEAH. WE CHOSE THE RIGHT GOD! DOESN'T THAT BUY US A LITTLE LEEWAY?

HOW YOU TREAT EACH OTHER IS VERY IMPORTANT TO GERALD! TRUST ME, YOU DON'T WANT TO PUSH HIM. THE WICKED WILL DEFINITELY GET WHAT'S COMING TO THEM.

REALLY? BECAUSE IT DOESN'T SEEM LIKE IT.

LOOK. I NEVER TOLD YOU THIS BEFORE, BUT AFTER YOU DIE, THERE'S THIS, UH... THIS BURNING PIT. AND WHEN YOU DIE, IF YOU WERE A JERK OR A SASS, YOU GET THROWN INTO THE FIRE!

GASP!

FOR REALS?

YEAH, MAN! AND YOU, LIKE, BURN FOR ALL ETERNITY!

WELL, I HOPE RAIDING OUR PICNIC WAS WORTH IT, GREG!

THIS IS MY FIRST OFFICIAL REPORT FROM !ΛϞϬΠΛ ΗΖΧΓΘϞϟ, OR "EARTH" AS THE LOCALS CALL IT. THE PLANET HAS COME TO BE DOMINATED BY A SINGLE SPECIES KNOWN AS "HUMAN BEINGS."

"WHICH IS A DISASTER FOR EVERYONE.

WASHING MACHINE GETS EVEN YOUR FILTHIEST CLOTHES CLEAN! AND WE MEAN FILTHIEST!

"EVEN THEMSELVES."

STUPID NEWBIE.

ANOTHER DAY ON EARTH

MARK RUSSELL
WRITER
RICK LEONARDI
PENCILLER
SCOTT HANNA
INKER
CHRIS CHUCKRY
COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE
LETTERER
CARLOS D'ANDA
MAIN COVER ARTIST
BRITTANY HOLZHERR
ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS
GROUP EDITOR

THANKS FOR COMING WITH ME, BETTY. SUBMITTING MY ART TO GALLERIES ALWAYS MAKES ME FEEL AWKWARD.

YOU'RE A WONDERFUL ARTIST, WILMA. IF THEY DON'T TAKE YOUR PAINTINGS, I MIGHT HAVE TO CREEP ON A FOOL.

PLEISTO-SCENE

HI, MY NAME IS WILMA FLINTSTONE. I WAS WONDERING IF YOU HAD A CHANCE TO LOOK AT MY PAINTINGS?

ACTUALLY, GUILLERMO HANDLES SUBMISSIONS. HE'S BEEN OUT ALL WEEK, I'M AFRAID.

WHEN SHOULD I COME BACK?

FORK

BODY IMAGE

OH, I WOULDN'T BOTHER, HON. HE'S PROBABLY GOING TO HATE YOUR WORK.

BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW IF HE HASN'T SEEN IT?

BECAUSE HE HATES EVERYTHING. THAT'S HIS JOB. THANKS FOR COMING IN, THOUGH!

SO HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?

AWKWARD *AND* UNWANTED.

TO HELL WITH IT. LET'S GET SOME HAM.

PLEISTO-SCENE

BILLS. BILLS. CRIPES. WHO KNEW MONOTHEISM COULD BE SO EXPENSIVE?

KNOCK! KNOCK!

HELLO?

I NEED TO GO, SUSAN. I'VE SCHEDULED EXACTLY TWO MINUTES FOR SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

I'VE REALLY DONE IT THIS TIME, REVEREND. I'M AFRAID GERALD IS GOING TO SEND ME TO THE FIERY PIT FOR SURE. GET AWAY FROM THAT THING, HUNTER!

WHY? WHAT DID YOU DO?

I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO SPECIFICS. I JUST NEED TO GET RIGHT WITH GERALD BEFORE MY FOUR P.M.

OKAY, SO YOU DID SOMETHING WRONG. NOT GOOD. BUT MAYBE YOU COULD MAKE UP FOR IT BY DOING SOMETHING POSITIVE?

I LOVE IT! RUN WITH THAT IDEA. GATHERER! CUT THAT OUT!

YOU COULD DO SOMETHING NICE FOR OTHERS. MAYBE SERVE COFFEE TO PEOPLE AS THEY COME INTO CHURCH?

WELL, I...

THAT SOUNDS LIKE AWESOME-SAUCE. THING IS--I AM MUCHO BUSYO AT THE MOMENT. COULD I JUST GIVE YOU MONEY AND LET YOU HANDLE IT?

THANKS, YOU'RE A PLUM!

GOTTA RUN!

HMMM...

HEY, NEWBIE! DON'T USE DYNAMITE INSIDE THE QUARRY! IT'S TOO DANGER-OUS!

THANKS FOR THE HEALTH TIP, GRANDPA!

FSSSSSH!

THAT FUSE IS WAY TOO SHORT. I'LL NEVER MAKE IT IF I HAVE TO CARRY HIM!

SLATE QUARRY

PTERODACTYL OUTTA HERE!

AAAAAAAGGH!

BOOOOM

KKRRAAACKK!

NO!

KRRUMMMBLLE!

MAN DOWN!

FWHUMP!

BE CAREFUL! ONLY TAKE PIECES FROM THE TOP. DON'T REMOVE ANYTHING THAT WILL CAUSE THE OTHER STONES TO SHIFT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, FLINTSTONE? THIS IS GOING TO TAKE ALL WEEK!

WE HAVE TO MOVE CAUTIOUSLY, MR. SLATE. WE DON'T WANT TO RISK A SECONDARY COLLAPSE.

SLATE

YOU REALLY THINK ANYONE COULD SURVIVE THAT?

HE COULD BE TRAPPED IN AN AIR POCKET. I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE.

WELL, THAT'S JUST BUTTERSCOTCH. I'VE GOT AN ORDER DUE ON FRIDAY.

WELL, SHAME ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE NEW GUY! BUT LIFE GOES ON, RIGHT?

DEAD OR ALIVE, WE NEED TO GET HIM OUT OF THERE, MR. SLATE.

I GET YOUR CONCERN, FLINTSTONE, I REALLY DO. BUT MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST FOCUS OUR GRIEF ON FILLING THAT ORDER. YOU KNOW, I THINK NEWBIE WOULD HAVE WANTED IT THIS WAY.

YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HIS NAME!

JEEZ, MR. SLATE. AREN'T YOU AT LEAST WORRIED ABOUT YOUR OWN SOUL?

HI, HONEY. HOW WAS YOUR DAY?

THIS WAS THE WORST DAY IN ROCK HISTORY. YOURS?

WELL, I LEARNED SOMETHING NEW.

WHAT'S THAT?

THAT I WILL NEVER BE A PROFESSIONAL ARTIST. BUT MAYBE THAT'S FOR THE BEST.

ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?

THAT MAYBE CIVILIZATION WAS A MISTAKE?

YOU THINK IT'S TOO LATE TO GO BACK?

THE CHURCH OF GERALD.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

WHAT IS IT?

HELLO? REVEREND TOM? I HEARD YOU'RE TAKING MONEY TO ABSOLVE PEOPLE OF THEIR SINS? IS THAT TRUE?

YES.

BEDROCK MALL

SURVIVAL HAS BECOME EASY FOR THEM.

"AND LIFE BORING.

"THEY DO THEIR BEST TO FILL THE VOID LEFT BY THE STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL. BUT NOTHING SATISFIES THEM FOR VERY LONG. SO THEY JUST KEEP GOING BACK FOR MORE.

THE HAIRY POT

"STRANGELY, IT'S WHEN YOU GIVE PEOPLE WHAT THEY DON'T REALLY WANT THAT THEY CAN NEVER GET ENOUGH OF IT."

OLD UVA

JAVA MAN

TRIASSICK PALEONTOLOGIE

BRONTOS 'R' US

FOSS

BY THE WAY, ABSOLUTION FOR GLUTTONY NOW COSTS TEN GRAVEL. PLEASE CONSULT THE NEW PRICE MENU BEFORE THE THREE-DAY WEEKEND.

NOW!

THUS CONCLUDES OUR SERVICE. GO FORTH, MY CHILDREN, IN SERVICE TO GERALD AND EACH OTHER.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

ENTER, MY CHILD.

REVEREND?

MR. SLATE? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I HAVE TROUBLED THOUGHTS, REVEREND.

THERE WAS AN ACCIDENT AT THE QUARRY. IT'S NOBODY'S FAULT, BUT THERE'S A GUY TRAPPED UNDERNEATH A BUNCH OF RUBBLE. THE PROBLEM IS, WE HAVE TO SHUT DOWN THE QUARRY TO DIG FOR A MAN WHO IS PROBABLY ALREADY DEAD.

I KNOW IT'S WRONG, REVEREND, AND I KNOW IT'S NOT WHAT GERALD WOULD HAVE ME DO, BUT PART OF ME WANTS TO SHUT DOWN THE RESCUE SO WE CAN GET BACK TO BUSINESS. AND WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS--

HOW MUCH IS IT GOING TO COST ME?

CAN I TALK YOU DOWN TO TWENTY? I BARELY KICKED HIM.

I USED TO WASTE SO MUCH TIME PRAYING AND DOING NICE THINGS. I LOVE HOW EFFICIENT OUR RELIGION HAS BECOME!

THAT'S IT. I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE.

HELLO, EVERYONE? CAN I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION?

I'M SORRY. I'VE FAILED YOU. I TRIED TO SCARE YOU INTO BECOMING DECENT PEOPLE, BUT INSTEAD I JUST TURNED YOU INTO CREEPS WHO USE CHURCH TO FEEL GOOD ABOUT THEMSELVES.

BUT THE PARTY ENDS NOW. WE WILL NO LONGER BE ACCEPTING CASH AS PAYMENT FOR THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS. I AM PUTTING AN END TO THE SIN-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX.

I STILL HOPE TO SEE YOU ALL IN CHURCH THIS SUNDAY.

AHHHHHH!

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS, GUILLERMO?

A WONDERFULLY KITSCHY GROTESQUE. I LOVE IT!

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR THIS?

THIS QUARRY IS LOSING MONEY BY THE DAY! I'M ORDERING YOU TO STOP THIS RESCUE OPERATION. NOW!

I'M SORRY, MR. SLATE. BUT WE CAN'T JUST ABANDON HIM.

WHY DO YOU EVEN CARE?! IT'S NOT LIKE HE WAS FAMILY. HE WASN'T EVEN A FRIEND OF YOURS!

BECAUSE IF CIVILIZATION IS GOING TO LAST, IF IT'S GOING TO AMOUNT TO ANYTHING MORE THAN JUST A PLACE TO WATCH TV AND GET CHEAP SNAKE MEAT, IT WILL ONLY BE BECAUSE WE'VE LEARNED TO DO ONE THING.

AND WHAT'S THAT?

TO CARE FOR PEOPLE WHO MEAN NOTHING TO US.

GROAN. THAT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE CLAMMY NIGHT OF LOVEMAKING THAT PRODUCED YOU, FLINTSTONE. WHATEVER. I'M GOING HOME!

WE'VE CLEARED A TRENCH TO THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT, BUT IT'S VERY TENUOUS. WE CAN'T REMOVE ANY MORE STONE WITHOUT RISKING A COLLAPSE.

HE'S STILL TRAPPED UNDER TOO MUCH ROCK. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET HIM OUT.

HOW'S THAT?

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LOWER ME DOWN.

I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, FRED. IT'S TOO DANGEROUS.

GET THE BRONTO-CRANE READY.

DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?

IF I DID, I PROBABLY WOULDN'T BE DOING IT.

BEDROCK MALL

"I THINK I KNOW WHERE THIS SPECIES WENT WRONG. HUMAN BEINGS WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN.

"THEIR FEARS AND ANXIETIES SERVED THEM WELL WHEN THEY WERE PREY.

"BUT NATURAL PREDATORS ARE CONFIDENT AND LAZY. THEY ONLY KILL AS MUCH AS THEY NEED TO SURVIVE.

TARPIT

"IT'S ONLY THE NERVOUS WIDE-EYED SCAVENGER WHO'S ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR MORE."

"THEIR VORACIOUS APPETITES WERE CUTE WHEN THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THEIR NEXT MEAL WAS COMING FROM.

SO... THIS WAS NOT A GOOD DAY.

SPECIAL CRO-MAGNON MIGNON

OUT RACK

"BUT NOW THAT THEY RUN THE WORLD, THEY DEVOUR EVERYTHING IN SIGHT. AND NOTHING CAN STOP THEM.

GLUTTONY: 20 GRAVEL

ENVY: 15 GRAVEL

SLOTH (MANAGER'S SPECIAL): 10 GRAVEL

LINGERING HUGS: 5 GRAVEL

"THEY SELF-DESTRUCT. ALMOST AS IF THEY KNOW THEY DON'T BELONG AT THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN. THEY USE FEAR TO FUEL THEIR GREED.

"AND GREED TO JUSTIFY THEIR FEAR."

"THIS SPECIES WILL PROBABLY PROVE TO BE A ONE-OFF. AN EMBARRASSING ASTERISK IN THE HISTORY OF AN OTHERWISE PROMISING PLANET. I WOULD PUT THE BETTING ODDS AGAINST THE HUMAN RACE AT 25:1.

LAS VEGA

I'VE GOT YOU!

PLEASE DON'T LET GO!

"BUT THEN AGAIN, MAYBE I'M MISSING SOMETHING."

Stego
CHIPS

A HUNTER-GATHERER SETTLEMENT. THIRTY YEARS AGO.

HOW LONG HAVE THE MEN BEEN GONE HUNTING?

IT'S BEEN A WEEK.

WHAT IS IT, PEARL?

THOSE GRAVELBERRY BUSHES...

"ISN'T THIS THE SAME SPOT WHERE WE WENT ON THAT EPIC BERRY BINGE LAST YEAR?

I'M BEGINNING TO NOTICE A CONNECTION--

THE MEN ARE BACK!

THE LEISURE CLASS

MARK RUSSELL WRITER
STEVE PUGH ARTIST
CHRIS CHUCKRY COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
CULLY HAMNER MAIN COVER ARTIST
BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS GROUP EDITOR

OH, THRAK! DID YOU GUYS CATCH ANYTHING?

OF COURSE, BABY. YOU KNOW YOUR HUNTERS ALWAYS COME THROUGH.

BLA-DAM!

OH. THAT'S IT?

THRAK, LISTEN! ACCORDING TO MY THEORY, IF WE PLANT SEEDS ALONG OUR MIGRATION ROUTE, THE NEXT YEAR THERE WILL BE FRUIT WAITING FOR US--

WHATEVER YOU SAY, GORGEOUS. HEY, BE A GOOD GIRL AND CLEAN THIS, WON'T YOU?

ANOTHER AWESOME FEAST, BROS! TO *THE BRINGERS OF MEAT!*

HAVE SOME MANGO, WILMA.

BEDROCK AIRPORT.
PRESENT DAY.

WHERE ARE THEY GOING AGAIN?

WILMA'S MOTHER LIVES ON SOMETHING CALLED A "FARM."

SLOTHWEST AIR LINES

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL! BY WHICH I MEAN MY FAMILY.

I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT YOUR SEAT IS IN THE TAIL SECTION.

FWHOOOOM!

I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN LAST A WHOLE WEEK WITHOUT BETTY, FRED. I RELY ON HER FOR SO MUCH.

YEAH. THAT'S PROBABLY WHY SHE NEEDS TO GET AWAY.

HEY, BAMM-BAMM. WHAT ARE YOU DOING TODAY?

UH... GOING TO SCHOOL?

OH, THAT'S RIGHT. IT'S WEDNESDAY. HAVE FUN.

CHEE-TOES

WELL? AREN'T YOU GOING TO MAKE MY LUNCH? MOM ALWAYS DOES.

CHEE-TOES

YOU SUCK, DAD.

"CLASS, I'D LIKE YOU TO WELCOME OUR GUEST SPEAKER-- *THORSTONE PEBBLEN.*

BEDROCK MIDDLE SCHOOL HOME OF THE FIGHTING TREE PEOPLE

MR. PEBBLEN IS GOING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT A BRAND-NEW FIELD OF RESEARCH CALLED "ECONOMICS." WHAT ARE ECONOMICS AGAIN?

LET ME SEE IF I CAN EXPLAIN...

"WHEN YOU TRICK SOMEBODY INTO PARTICIPATING IN A SMALL-TIME FRAUD, IT'S CALLED A 'SCAM.'

SORRY! THE PEBBLE WAS UNDER THIS SHELL.

"BUT WHEN THE SCAM IS SO BIG THAT PEOPLE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PARTICIPATE, IT'S CALLED 'ECONOMICS.'"

A RENT INCREASE? BUT I JUST GOT A RAISE!

YEP. THAT'S WHY IT'S GOING UP.

THANKS TO CIVILIZATION AND ITS DIVISION OF LABOR, WE NOW CREATE MORE CRAP THAN ANYONE KNOWS WHAT TO DO WITH.

"THE MORE CRAP CIVILIZATION MAKES, THE MORE WE BUY. THE MORE WE BUY, THE BIGGER CIVILIZATION GETS, ALLOWING IT TO CREATE STILL MORE CRAP.

IN OTHER WORDS, CIVILIZATION GROWS LIKE A CANCER. ANYONE HERE KNOW SOMEONE WITH CANCER?

OKAY, THAT'S ALL THE TIME WE HAVE FOR ECONOMICS TODAY!

NOW THAT CLOD IS MAYOR, I DESTROY LIZARD PEOPLE!

CLOD THE DESTROYER FOR RESPONSIBLE GOVERNANCE

UH, NOT SO FAST, BIG GUY.

"THE ARMY'S DINOSAUR ARMOR IS BADLY OUT OF DATE."

ARMY SURPLUS: DINOSAUR ARMOR

"THEN CLOD SHALL BUY MORE!"

"THAT'S REALLY SWEET, BUT YOU'RE ALREADY OVER BUDGET."

SO PUNY BABY GETS ALL MONEY HE NEEDS, BUT CLOD IS OVER BUDGET?!

I'M AFRAID SO.

BUT CLOD IS *MAYOR!* CLOD TAKE MONEY FROM BABY!

BEDROCK CHILDRENS HOSPITAL

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE, CHIEF. ANY CHANGE TO THE BUDGET REQUIRES A MAJORITY VOTE. AND YOU HAVE A REAL PROBLEM WITH WOMEN VOTERS.

CLOD: FEMALE VOTER APPROVAL

=SIGH= SOMETIMES CLOD WISH HE NEVER EVEN BECOME MAYOR.

AWW. DON'T BE A SAD DAD. LOOK, JUST GET SOME CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENTS. GET SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE BEHIND YOU. EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE.

FAMILY PORTRAIT

THIS IS BEDROCK NEWS. PLEASE STICK AROUND LONG ENOUGH FOR THE COMMERCIALS.

HI. I'M STONY DANZA, AND I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT LIZARD PEOPLE.

LIZARD PEOPLE AREN'T LIKE YOU AND ME. THEY DON'T LOVE FREEDOM. THEY DON'T LOVE THEIR CHILDREN. I'M NOT EVEN SURE THEY HAVE CHILDREN. JUST LOOK AT THEM! WEIRD.

I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT LIZARD PEOPLE, BUT I DO KNOW THIS--THEY ARE A THREAT TO EVERYTHING YOU HOLD DEAR! THAT'S WHY I'M ASKING YOU TO SUPPORT CLOD THE DESTROYER'S BUDGET PROPOSAL. WHO'S THE BOSS? CLOD IS!

SLOTHWEST AIR LINES

MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

I'M SO NERVOUS, BETTY. I HAVEN'T SEEN MY MOTHER IN YEARS.

WHY NOT?

GOING BACK TO THE FARM JUST BRINGS BACK TOO MANY PAINFUL MEMORIES.

"IT SEEMS LIKE ALL MY HAPPY MEMORIES ARE FROM BEFORE WE SETTLED DOWN."

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, WILMA.

SLAGHOOPLE FARM

SO HOW'S THE FARM LIFE, MOM?

IT'S OKAY, I GUESS. A LOT OF BENDING OVER DIRT.

THAT'S PRETTY MUCH HOW I REMEMBER IT.

I KNOW YOU HATED IT HERE, WILMA.

OH WOW. A SCARE-O-DACTYL!

I JUST REMEMBER BEING SO HAPPY AS A HUNTER-GATHERER. WHY DID WE EVER GIVE IT UP TO LIVE ON A FARM?

"IT WAS GRATIFYING AT FIRST. KNOWING THAT WE COULD BETTER FEED OUR TRIBE BY PLANTING CROPS."

YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT THIS AGRICULTURE THING, BABE. MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST SETTLE DOWN RIGHT HERE.

"STAYING IN ONE PLACE. GROWING OUR OWN FOOD. IT WAS GOING TO CHANGE EVERYTHING."

THEM'S SOME FINE-LOOKIN' GOATS, JETHRO. WANNA TRADE FOR SOME CORN? WE GOT SO MUCH CORN, I'M SILLY WITH IT.

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR CORN, THRAK.

BUT I COULD USE A WIFE...

"AND IT DID."

"BUT HAVING A PLACE TO CALL HOME AND ALL THAT EXTRA FOOD DIDN'T MAKE OUR LIVES BETTER. IT JUST MADE MORE PEOPLE. AND THE MORE CHILDREN WE HAD, THE MORE WE WERE FORCED TO STAY HOME TO CARE FOR THEM...

"...AND THE MORE WE LEFT THE MEN IN CHARGE."

YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A WIFE!

ALTHOUGH, ONE GOOD THING ABOUT SETTLING DOWN-- WE CAN BE NEAR OUR LOVED ONES. EVEN WHEN THEY DIE. IT DOES FEEL GOOD TO KNOW YOU'LL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED.

BELOVED GRONK GRONK LIVES ON IN THE HEARTS OF HIS SONS DOUG AND TROY

SO I GUESS IT *DOES* HAVE ITS ADVANTAGES.

BELOVED GRONK GRONK LIVES ON IN THE HEARTS OF HIS SONS DOUG AND TROY

DOUG

TROY

KNOCK! KNOCK!

COME IN.

LOTHAR AND THE HAND PEOPLE

CANNIBALISM: THE UNKNOWN IDEAL

HI, HONEY. I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD LOAD THE DISHWASHER FOR ME? YOUR MOTHER ALWAYS DOES IT WHEN SHE'S HOME.

PLUS, I DON'T THINK THE DISHWASHER LIKES ME.

AND WHILE YOUR MOM IS GONE, I SORT OF FIGURED YOU'RE THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE.

UGH. THAT IS SO SEXIST, DAD!

I KNOW.

I'D SURE LIKE TO EXPLORE YOUR TOPOGRAPHY SOMETIME.

OH, TREVOR. YOU'RE TERRIBLE!

PSSST! HEY KIDS! I HAVE SOME MORE THINGS TO SAY ABOUT ECONOMICS!

YOU'D THINK THAT THE MORE CRAP A SOCIETY PRODUCES, THE LESS WORK IT NEEDS FROM EVERYONE.

"BUT RATHER THAN LIGHTENING EVERYBODY'S LOAD, IT JUST ENABLES SOME PEOPLE NOT TO WORK AT ALL. THESE LUCKY SOULS ARE KNOWN AS 'THE LEISURE CLASS.'"

WE'RE CIVILIZED MEN, GEORGE. OF COURSE YOU CAN TAKE A MULLIGAN.

HURRY IT UP, BILLY. I GOT A MASSAGE IN TEN MINUTES!

"THE HARDEST WORKING AND MOST CREATIVE PEOPLE CONTRIBUTE THE MOST TO HUMAN SURVIVAL...

"AND YET, BECAUSE WE ALL ASPIRE TO BE IN THE LEISURE CLASS, WE VALUE THE PEOPLE WHO DESTROY THE MOST AND WORK THE LEAST."

TO EXPLAIN WHY WE MUST ANNIHILATE THE LIZARD PEOPLE--BELOVED ACTOR STONY DANZA!

THE PARADOX OF OUR ECONOMIC SYSTEM HAS PLACED US AT ODDS WITH OUR OWN SURVIVAL!

UGH! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU CREEP!

CLUNK!

OUCH! WE ARE LOCKED IN A STATE OF MORAL CONFUSION!

THANKS FOR THE LOVELY PAINTING, WILMA.

SLAGHOOPLE FARM

MOM? ARE WE GOING TO GO THE WHOLE WEEK WITHOUT EVEN TALKING ABOUT THIS?

TALK ABOUT WHAT, DEAR?

ABOUT THE FACT THAT I RAN AWAY.

"THE DAY THRAK PROMISED YOU TO JETHRO, I KNEW YOU'D HAVE TO LEAVE."

"THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP ME?!"

I WAS TOO YOUNG TO HAVE TO MAKE THAT DECISION! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ALONE IN THE WORLD? TO FEEL ABANDONED BY YOUR OWN MOTHER?!

"THE NIGHT YOU RAN AWAY BROKE MY HEART. I WANTED TO STOP YOU, TO TELL THRAK HE HAD NO RIGHT TO MARRY YOU OFF. BUT HE HAD ALREADY ACCEPTED THE GOATS AS YOUR BRIDE PRICE. I KNEW HE WOULD NEVER LET YOU LEAVE AFTER THAT."

"AT SOME POINT, WITHOUT KNOWING IT, I HAD BECOME A FARM ANIMAL MYSELF. I DIDN'T WANT THAT LIFE FOR YOU. I LET YOU LEAVE BECAUSE I COULDN'T SAY ANYTHING.

I COULD NEVER SAY ANYTHING.

OH, MOM. I NEVER KNEW.

STONY DANZA HERE. SOME OF YOU ARE STILL NOT SURE IF WE SHOULD TAKE MONEY FROM THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL TO PAY FOR NEW DINOSAUR ARMOR. ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY SICK CHILDREN IN BEDROCK.

BEDROCK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

BUT THE TRUTH IS, KIDS ARE PRETTY MUCH ALWAYS SICK. WE SPEND MILLIONS ON CHILDREN'S HEALTH, AND YET THEY JUST KEEP GETTING SICK! MEANWHILE, THE LIZARD PEOPLE RUN AMOK, LAUGHING AT US FROM THEIR HOT, FLAT ROCKS.

THEY LAUGH AT YOU, ME, AND LITTLE SMITTY HERE. NOW SMITTY ISN'T CONSCIOUS. BUT IF HE WERE, I'M SURE THERE IS ONE THING HE'D WANT TO SAY TO YOU.

HE'D SAY, "PLEASE. SUPPORT CLOD THE DESTROYER'S DEFENSE BUDGET REALLOCATION."

UNFORTUNATELY, WOMEN VOTERS STILL DON'T SEEM THRILLED WITH CLOSING DOWN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

WHAT?! EVEN AFTER IMPASSIONED PLEA BY STONY DANZA?!

HE WAS POPULAR, LIKE... TWENTY YEARS AGO.

HE WAS BIGGEST NAME CLOD COULD GET.

DON'T GIVE UP YET, BOSS. THERE'S STILL THE TOWN HALL MEETING. AS LONG AS YOU CAN KEEP THE MEN ON YOUR SIDE, THE BUDGET SHOULD STILL PASS.

WHERE WAS I? IT'S NOT THAT THE LEISURE CLASS IS *LAZY.* THEY JUST FEEL THEY'RE TOO IMPORTANT TO DO THE BORING WORK SOCIETY ACTUALLY NEEDS. THEY FEEL DRIVEN TO CONQUER, TO RECREATE THE WORLD AS A MONUMENT TO THEMSELVES, WHATEVER THE COST TO THE REST OF US.

"THIS GOES BACK TO OUR HUNTER-GATHERER DAYS. EVEN THOUGH THE GATHERERS PROVIDED FAR MORE FOOD FOR THE TRIBE...IT WAS THE *HUNT* WE CELEBRATED.

"IT WAS THE STRONGEST HUNTER WE TRUSTED TO RULE THE TRIBE, WHETHER OR NOT HE WAS ACTUALLY FIT TO LEAD."

IT COMES IN FOREST GREEN, MISTY GRAY, OR PERIWINKLE.

IS THERE CUP HOLDER?

IN A WAY, YOU COULD SAY THAT *MEN* WERE THE WORLD'S FIRST LEISURE CLASS.

SOMEHOW, THIS MAKES SENSE OF EVERYTHING.

GERALD-DAMMIT!

BEDROCK TOWN HALL

WAIT. YOU WANT TO CLOSE THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL? FOR DINOSAUR ARMOR?!

MY SON IS *ALIVE* BECAUSE OF THAT HOSPITAL!

SILENCE, WOMEN!

I FOUGHT IN THE BEDROCK WARS.

BEHOLD! A WARRIOR WHO HAS TASTED THE YOGURT OF VICTORY!

"MISGUIDED AS THAT WAS, I FOUGHT BECAUSE I WANTED TO KEEP MY DAUGHTER SAFE.

"BECAUSE THE TRUTH IS THAT, AS MEN, THERE ARE REALLY ONLY TWO THINGS HUMAN SURVIVAL REQUIRES OF US. THE IMPREGNATION OF WOMEN...

...AND THE PROTECTION OF CHILDREN.

"WHEN IT COMES TO IMPREGNATING WOMEN, WE HAVE DONE OUR JOB ADMIRABLY. NO ONE CAN FAULT US THERE.

"BUT WHEN IT COMES TO PROTECTING CHILDREN WE HAVE FAILED MISERABLY.

SO, AS MEN, I GUESS MY QUESTION IS THIS--WHY WOULD WE TURN OUR BACKS ON ONE OF ONLY TWO THINGS THAT MAKE US BIOLOGICALLY RELEVANT?

I THINK THE ANSWER MUST BE THAT WE ARE A SPECIES THAT DOESN'T TAKE ITS SURVIVAL VERY SERIOUSLY.

WOW. WELL, *THAT* CERTAINLY GIVES US A LOT TO THINK ABOUT.

SO, ALL IN FAVOR OF THE MAYOR'S PROPOSAL TO CLOSE THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL?

GREAT! MEASURE PASSES. NOW LET'S GO KILL US SOME LIZARD PEOPLE!

WELL, I HAVE TO ADMIT. THE NEW DINOSAUR ARMOR DOES LOOK PRETTY SWEET.

AIRPORT

I'M SO PROUD OF YOU, WILMA. AND I'M GLAD YOU CHOSE THE LIFE YOU DID.

WHERE'S BAMM-BAMM?

HE'S ALIVE. THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE BACK, WILMA.

NEVER LEAVE ME ALONE AGAIN, MOM!

"PEBBLES, NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE, OR HOW LONG IT'S BEEN, AS LONG AS YOU HAVE A MOTHER-- YOU'RE NEVER TRULY ALONE."

SEE YOU ALL NEXT WEEK! LOVE EACH OTHER AS GERALD LOVES YOU!
HARDLY ANYONE CAME THIS WEEK.
WHERE IS EVERYBODY? WAS THERE A PROBLEM WITH THE DOUGHNUTS?
FIRST CHURCH OF GERALD
FREE DOUGHNUTS!
WELCOME, BRETHREN! GERALD HAS HELD YOU BACK FROM YOUR TRUE POTENTIAL! FOR TOO LONG, HE HAS COMMANDED YOU TO CODDLE THE WEAK AND UNWORTHY.
YOU ARE TOLD THE LAZY AND INCOMPETENT ARE "LESS FORTUNATE." AS IF YOU WON YOUR SUCCESS AT THE ROULETTE TABLE! BUT I AM HERE TO TELL YOU THAT THERE IS A GOD WHO...
...IS WORTHY OF YOUR STRENGTH! *A GOD WHO ASKS NOTHING OF YOU BUT THAT YOU TAKE YOUR RIGHTFUL PLACE AS RULERS OF THIS WORLD!*
BEHOLD! VORP!
ALL HAIL VORP!
SPREAD THE FEARSOME DOCTRINE OF VORP AND LET ALL TREMBLE AT YOUR STRENGTH!
THIS CONCLUDES OUR SERVICE. THERE IS A POTLUCK IN THE RUMPUS ROOM.
WHY *SHOULD* I FEEL BAD ABOUT BEING RICH AND FAMOUS? VORP JUST GETS IT.
GET READY, WORLD. READY YOURSELF FOR MAXIMUM SLATE!
OH, GEORGE! I LIKE THIS SIDE OF YOU.
IS POTATO SALAD DAIRY-FREE? CLOD HAS LOST MANY BATTLES TO LACTOSE.

THAT NIGHT AT THE FLINTSTONE'S HOUSE.

ARE THEY ASLEEP YET?

I THINK SO.

A BASKET OF DISPOSABLES

MARK RUSSELL - WRITER
STEVE PUGH - ARTIST
CHRIS CHUCKRY - COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE - LETTERER
STEVE PUGH - MAIN COVER ARTIST
BRITTANY HOLZHERR - ASSISTANT EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS - GROUP EDITOR

I MISSED YOU, BOWLING BALL!

HEY! THEY GOT BOOZE IN THE FRIDGE!

AAAH! THERE'S THE MAGIC.

GOOD CORN, MAN!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR A JOKE, BOWLING BALL?

SURE.

YEAH. SO WOULD I.

SOMEDAY IT'LL HAPPEN.

HE'S A LITTLE SOFT, ISN'T HE?

I'VE SEEN HIS KIND BEFORE. THEY'RE SWEET UNTIL YOU PUSH THEM TOO FAR. THEN THEY BECOME UNSTOPPABLE.

BEDROCK WAS BUILT BY A TOUGH BREED OF MAN. MEN LIKE YOU.

MEN WHO DIDN'T EXPECT LIFE TO BE HANDED TO THEM. MEN WHO DIDN'T ASK FOR OPPORTUNITIES, BUT WHO *CREATED* THEM! MEN WHO DIDN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT *FAIRNESS,* BUT WHO MADE THE MOST OF LIFE, WHATEVER CAME THEIR WAY. BUT THEN, SOMEHOW, BEDROCK LOST ITS WAY.

PAP!

BUT I SAY, IT'S TIME WE TOOK BEDROCK BACK! THIS CITY WAS BUILT BY WINNERS, NOT WHINERS. LET'S AGAIN MAKE THIS A PLACE WHERE A MAN CAN TAKE WHAT HE WANTS AND KEEP WHAT HE GETS!

ARE YOU WITH ME?!

YEAH!

I'M SO RELIEVED TO HEAR THAT, MEN. BECAUSE YOU'RE ALL FIRED.

MEET YOUR REPLACEMENTS!

BUT...

BUTTS ARE FOR SPANKING, FLINTSTONE.

BUT I CAN BUST TWICE THE ROCK THESE GUYS CAN!

YEAH, BUT I CAN PAY THEM HALF AS MUCH. WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR SERVICE. GOOD-BYE.

SAFETY

TRY NOT TO DIE

CLINK!

WAIT. WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

ONE WEEK LATER.

OH, POOR BABY. HERE, WATCH SOME TELEVISION. THAT WILL CHEER YOU UP.

CLICK

SLATE ENTERPRISES IS POSTING RECORD PROFITS THANKS TO ITS RECENT WAVE OF LAYOFFS!

FRED, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OUT.

BUT WHERE?

DOES IT MATTER?

I'VE NEVER SEEN FRED SO DEFEATED.

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SERIOUS PROBLEM, WILMA. HAVE YOU CONSIDERED BUYING HIM SOMETHING?

I THINK I HAVE JUST THE IDEA.

LEO NITHIC

BRIMLOANS

HOMO-HABOWLIS

A NEW BOWLING BALL?

IT'S PERSONALIZED AND EVERYTHING!

FRED

THANKS, HONEY! THAT WAS REALLY SWEET OF YOU.

BUT I DON'T DESERVE THIS. I FEEL LIKE I LET YOU AND PEBBLES DOWN. IF I CAN'T SUPPORT YOU TWO ANYMORE, THEN WHAT GOOD AM I?

I KNOW, HONEY. IT'S HARD, SITTING AT HOME WITH NOTHING TO DO. EVERYONE NEEDS TO FEEL USEFUL. TO FEEL *WANTED.*

NOW LET'S GET RID OF THIS OLD THING!

THUNK

CLUNK!

RECYCLING CENTER

MAKE IT QUICK. THE GRAVELS-LIMESTONE FIGHT STARTS IN AN HOUR!

DUMP!

BOWLING BALL?!

NOOOO!

VRRROOOOM!

HELLO?

FRED

FRED

EXCUSE ME? COULD YOU LET ME OUT OF THE CLOSET? I'M AFRAID OF THE DARK.

SHUT UP!

FRED

OH. OKAY.

FRED

I LOVE A MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO TREAT A LADY!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I'M COMPLETELY DIGGING VORP. FINALLY, A GOD FOR THE UPWARDLY MOBILE! I MEAN, GERALD WAS JUST SUCH A SQUISH.

THERE'S MORE WHERE THIS CARRIAGE RIDE CAME FROM.

I'M JUST DONE SETTLING FOR SECOND BEST. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

I FEEL THE SAME WAY.

WE HAVE SO MUCH IN COMMON!

SMOOCH!

OH, LOOK, GEORGE. POOR PEOPLE!

I'M IN LOVE, PHILIP! MY HEART IS A POEM THE WORLD CANNOT HEAR. BRING ME MY MACAROONS!

I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE SO STRONG AND BOLD. IT'S LIKE DATING A TIGER! PHILIP, THAT'S NOT... YOU KNOW WHAT, IT DOESN'T MATTER.

LOOK, PHILIP, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. YOU'RE JUST SLOW AND OLD AND A TURTLE. WE'VE HAD SOME GOOD TIMES, BUT CATHY WANTS A TITAN. A MAN WHO CAN HANDLE ANY SITUATION. SO I NEED TO SURROUND MYSELF WITH PEOPLE WHO MAKE ME LOOK GOOD. YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU?

I GUESS WHAT I'M SAYING IS... I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LET YOU GO. OH, PHILIP. PLEASE DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY.

BAH!

OKAY. IT SAYS JUST REMOVE THE HOOD AND HE'S READY TO GO.

BRUTUS, MY MAIL!

CRAW!

WHOA!

FWIT!

FWIT!

FWIT!

BILLS

JUNK

CORRE-SPONDENCE

LOVE LETTERS

BRUTUS, MY CIGAR!

NICE! GET ONE FOR YOURSELF, TOO.

MY LIFE BEGINS NOW.

LET'S GO OUT, FRED. YOU HAVEN'T EVEN BROKEN IN YOUR NEW BOWLING BALL YET.

COME ON, HONEY. YOU NEED THE EXERCISE.

YOU JUST NEED TO GET YOUR SWAGGER BACK! SHOW SOME INITIATIVE!

IF YOU SAY SO.

OKAY, THEY'RE GONE!

WE NEED TO ACT QUICK IF WE'RE GOING TO RESCUE BOWLING BALL!

WAIT. WHAT?

BOWLING BALL WAS A FRIEND TO EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU! IF WE LET HIM BE TOSSED OUT WITH THE TRASH, THEN WE'RE NO BETTER THAN THE HUMANS!

I WAS SENT TO ONE OF THOSE PLACES WHEN I WAS A CALF. IT WAS HORRIBLE.

APPLIANCE, YOU CRAZY! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE THEY'VE TAKEN HIM.

I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA.

HEY, GUYS! WHAT'S THE HAPS ON THE CRAPS?

NO SUDDEN MOVES, DINO.

I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THIS, BUT WE'RE ON A TOP SECRET MISSION.

A CAR! HIDE!

GIVE YOUR PET'S COAT A HEALTHY SHEEN WITH RECYCLED MEAT!

RECYCLING CENTER: 1 MILE

VRROOOOOMM!

THE COAST IS CLEAR!

I WANNA GO HOME!

WE'RE NOT LEAVING WITHOUT BOWLING BALL!

IT'S LOCKED!

I GOT THIS.

WHAT A NIGHTMARE.

BOWLING BALL! WHERE ARE YOU?!

YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A BOWLING BALL?

THERE WAS A BOWLING BALL. THEY TOOK HIM IN THERE.

PULVERIZING

IT'S DARK IN HERE.

LET ME SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

CLICK!

AAAAAAAAUGH!

NO! BOWLING BALL?!

I'M IN HERE.

HOLD ON, MY FRIEND! WE'LL GET YOU OUT!

BOWLING BALL! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE ALIVE!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE SWEATS.

WAIT A MINUTE.

COATRACK DON'T PLAY THAT.

REJECTS

REJECTS

RRRRAAAGH!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

IT'S ME, MY LOVE! YOUR CHEETAH-LIPS!

GEORGE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

I THOUGHT I'D SURPRISE YOU!

LOOK, THERE'S NO GOOD WAY TO SAY THIS, GEORGE. I'M SEEING SOME-ONE ELSE.

WHAT?! SO THE TIME WE SPENT TOGETHER? *I MEANT NOTHING TO YOU?!*

IT'S NOT PERSONAL. HE'S SIMPLY RICHER AND MORE POWERFUL. WHAT CAN I SAY? I TRADED UP.

UH... HELLO, GEORGE.

BRUTUS! ATTACK!

CRAW!

NOOOO!

GEORGE!

WHAT?! YOU TOO, BRUTUS?

I MAKE HIM BETTER OFFER.

JUST GO HOME, GEORGE.

WHAT A WONDERFUL EVENING!

I'M GOING TO BED.

IS HE GOING TO BE OKAY? I'VE NEVER SEEN FRED LIKE THIS.

TO BE HONEST, I DON'T KNOW. FRED'S ALWAYS PRIDED HIMSELF ON BEING SUCH A HARD WORKER. I THINK BEING DISCARDED LIKE THAT BROKE SOMETHING INSIDE HIM. BUT THANKS FOR COMING. GOOD NIGHT.

FRED

LET'S GO FOR A WALK.

GOOD LUCK ON YOUR FUTURE ENDEAVORS!

CRANES

LANES

FRED

THEY'LL FIND HIM IN THE MORNING. I'M SURE HE'LL BE OKAY.

WELCOME BACK, BOWLING BALL! YOUR REPLACEMENT WAS A LITTLE LIGHTER, SO YOU MAY WANT TO LOSE SOME WEIGHT...

NO! I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE WEIGHT! YOU WANT ME TO CHANGE MY APPEARANCE TO SERVE A MAN WHO ROLLS ME AT STONE PINS AND THEN SENDS ME OFF TO BECOME CAT FOOD WHEN I NO LONGER AMUSE HIM?! IT'S UNTHINKABLE!

WELL, THEN YOU'RE REALLY NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS NEXT PART.

WELL, THAT'S JUST %$#@ GREAT!

THE NEXT MORNING.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

WHO COULD THAT BE?

MR. SLATE?

LOOK, FLINTSTONE. THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO SAY THIS. I MADE A MISTAKE. I'VE MADE SO MANY MISTAKES. I WAS WRONG TO LET YOU AND THE BOYS GO.

IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE IT, BASED ON THE STOCK PRICE.

DON'T DRAW THIS APOLOGY OUT, FLINTSTONE. I REALIZED SOMETHING RECENTLY. THAT THERE'S GOT TO BE MORE TO LIFE THAN HORSE TRADING. NO MATTER HOW MANY HORSES YOU GOT. THAT OUR LIVES ARE MORE THAN THE ACCESSORIES OF ANOTHER'S AMBITION.

"THAT ONCE YOU PRAY TO A GOD OF STRENGTH, YOU SURRENDER ALL RIGHT TO BEG FOR MERCY.

"AND GERALD HELP US, WE ALL NEED MERCY.

"BECAUSE IN THE END, IT'S ONLY OUR INEFFICIENCIES AND THE SOFTNESS INSIDE US THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH LIVING."

FRED?

MR. SLATE GAVE ME MY JOB BACK. I GOTTA BE AT WORK IN AN HOUR.

THAT'S GREAT, FRED! OH, I'M SO RELIEVED. NOW EVERYTHING CAN GO BACK TO...

...NORMAL.

FRUITY

CAN O' RMS

100% SLOTH AND FILLER MATERIAL

NO CLOD
EQUAL RIGHTS
DUMP CLOD
FIGHT THE POW
MP
COWAN / SIENKIEWICZ

IT'S CALLED CINEMA! THE ABILITY TO RECORD AND PROJECT TECHNICOLOR IMAGES ON CELLULOID HAS STARTED A NEW CRAZE IN BEDROCK AND NOW EVERYONE IS GOING TO THE "MOVIES"!

"IN THE WORDS OF ESTEEMED DIRECTOR WERNER HERZROCK--"

CINEMA IS A VISUAL EXPLORATION OF OUR COMMON HUMANITY. IT IS THE MICROSCOPE THROUGH WHICH WE LOOK FOR OUR OWN SOULS.

OF COURSE, WITH ANY NEW TECHNOLOGY, THE QUESTION IN THE BACK OF EVERYONE'S MIND IS, "CAN I HAVE SEX WITH IT OR USE IT TO KILL PEOPLE?"

Buyer's Remorse

MARK RUSSELL WRITER
STEVE PUGH ARTIST
CHRIS CHUCKRY COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
DENYS COWAN, *BILL SIENKIEWICZ* and *STEVE BUCCELLATO* MAIN COVER ARTISTS
BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASSOCIATE EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS GROUP EDITOR

IN OTHER NEWS, I AM NOW LIVE ON THE SCENE WITH YET ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE LIZARD PEOPLE.

THEY STOLE MY FERNS.

"THEY. STOLE. HIS. FERNS. MAYOR CLOD THE DESTROYER HAS VOWED SWIFT AND DECISIVE ACTION."

CLOD VOWS SWIFT AND DECISNE ACTION!

HA HA! DID YOU GET ALL THAT, GREG? MY GOD, THE LOOK ON THAT GUY'S FACE! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY DO WITH ALL THESE FERNS, ANYWAY?

LIZARD PEOPLE, LOOK UPON CLOD AND DESPAIR! I SHALL CRUSH YOU UNDER MY HEEL AND REAP THE TEARS OF YOUR CHILDREN LIKE WHEAT. THEN I SHALL GRIND YOUR BONES INTO A FINE POWDER, TO BE USED LATER IN THE PRESERVATION OF CHEAP HAMS!

WAIT A MINUTE...

WHERE DID THEY ALL GO?

IT LOOKS LIKE THEY LEFT.

LEFT?

WELL, YEAH. THEY WEREN'T GLUED TO THESE ROCKS. THEY PROBABLY HEARD US COMING FROM A MILE AWAY AND LEFT.

HMM. CLOD HAD NOT CONSIDERED THIS POSSIBILITY.

CLOD'S RETURN IS ANTICLIMACTIC.

HEY, FRED. THERE'S THIS NEW MOVIE I THINK WE SHOULD SEE.

OH YEAH? WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

IT'S ABOUT WOMEN BARING THEMSELVES.

I'M A MARRIED MAN, BARNEY! YOU ARE, TOO!

I KNOW. BUT IT'S JUST WATCHING. AREN'T YOU EVER CURIOUS? ABOUT OTHER WOMEN? WHAT THEY'RE LIKE?

YES.

GOOD. I'LL MEET YOU THERE!

PLATO'S CAVE

SHALE MAGNOLIAS

PLEISTO SCENE

GALLERY

I WAS WONDERING IF YOU HAD A CHANCE TO REVIEW THE PAINTINGS I SUBMITTED TO YOUR GALLERY?

WHAT'S THE NAME, HON?

WILMA FLINTSTONE.

OH RIGHT! DIDN'T WE LOCK THOSE PAINTINGS IN OUR TREASURE VAULT FOR SAFE-KEEPING?

OH NO! THEY WERE MUCH TOO VALUABLE FOR THAT. WE SENT THEM TO OUR APPRAISER IN THE COUNTRY!

REALLY?

"OH YEAH. THEY'RE ON A BEAUTIFUL FARM WITH LOTS OF GRASS AND OTHER ANIMALS TO PLAY WITH!"

TRASH

...AND THERE'S A PONY, AND A RAINBOW, AND A RIVER OF FUDGE!

HA HA! YOU SAUCY BITCH! SAVE SOME FOR THE COMMENTS SECTION!

AS WITH MOST THINGS IN LIFE, THIS WILL PROBABLY COME TO NOTHING.

PLEISTO SCENE

WERNER HERZROCK?! HOW CAN WE HELP YOU?

I AM LOOKING FOR AN ART DIRECTOR FOR MY NEW FILM.

ACH. THESE ARE EDGY ENOUGH TO KEEP REGULAR PEOPLE OUT OF YOUR GALLERY, BUT NOT SO EDGY THAT YOU CANNOT SELL THEM TO A DENTIST'S OFFICE. YOU ARE TRANSPARENT. NOW SHOW ME TO YOUR TRASH. I NEED TO DISCARD MY BANANA PEEL.

WHAT ARE THESE?

OH, JUST SOME RECENT REJECTIONS.

THIS ART IS PRIMAL AND DEEPLY PERSONAL. I WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO THIS ARTIST.

A SETBACK IN THE WAR ON LIZARD PEOPLE! MEANWHILE, THE MUNDANE TASKS OF GOVERNING GO UNDONE AND VOTERS AREN'T HAPPY.

WHIRRRRRRR!

I GUESS I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW LITTLE TIME A MAYOR ACTUALLY SPENDS KICKING ASS.

CLOD

"BUT MAYOR CLOD VOWS TO WIN HIS SUPPORTERS BACK BY UPPING THE ANTE IN THE WAR ON LIZARD PEOPLE!"

KNOCK! KNOCK!

EXCUSE ME. ARE YOU THE ARTIST WILMA FLINTSTONE?

VETERANS OF PALEOLITHIC WARS

I'M TELLING YOU, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. THERE WAS TENSION. THERE WAS CONFLICT.

AND THEN *BOOM!* ALL THE BARRIERS TO COMMUNICATION FELL AT ONCE!

AND HE MEANS *ALL* OF THEM!

WHOA!

WE'RE GOING AGAIN TONIGHT. YOU SHOULD COME WITH US.

PLATO'S CAVE

BRIDGES OF MADISTONE COUNTY

BEDROCK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

SHOO! HE'S NOT DEAD YET!

NOW CLOD SORT OF FEELS BAD FOR SICK CHILDREN.

EH... FRESH AIR IS GOOD FOR THEM.

CLOSED

LISTEN, BOSS. CLOSING THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO PAY FOR THE DINOSAUR ARMOR, BUT THESE PTERODACTYL DRONES ARE A WHOLE NEW FLAVOR OF EXPENSIVE. WE NEED TO FIND MORE MONEY FROM SOMEWHERE AND FAST.

WHAT DOES CLOD'S ADVISOR HAVE IN MIND?

TARBY'S BRONTO STEAK SANDWICH

WHY DON'T WE TALK ABOUT IT OVER LUNCH?

BEDROCK TOWN HALL.

CLOD THANKS YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE.

"CLOD HAS UNLEASHED MANY PTERODACTYL DRONES! TO FIND AND DESTROY LIZARD PEOPLE!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

LIZARD PEOPLE SHALL PAY FOR EVERY FERN THEY'VE STOLEN! BUT, IN MEANTIME, CLOD HAD TO GET CREATIVE WITH BUDGET. THERE ARE SOME FUN CHANGES I'M SURE YOU ALL WILL ENJOY.

BOUND!

WAIT. THEY'RE REPLACING MY RETIREMENT MONEY WITH COUPONS FOR TARBY'S?

FOR THIS SCENE, I NEED YOU TO BUILD ME A CAVE. YOU KNOW, SMALL BUT NOT TOO WOMB-LIKE.

#132-B

HERZROCK

O... KAY.

WHAT IS IT, WILMA?

I THINK YOU SHOULD KNOW I'VE NEVER DONE WORK LIKE THIS BEFORE. I FEEL LIKE A FRAUD. I'M JUST PRETENDING TO KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

YOU FEEL THAT WAY BECAUSE YOU ARE AN ARTIST.

"AS ARTISTS, WE USE OUR LIMITED TOOLS TO CONNECT WITH AN APATHETIC UNIVERSE. THEREFORE, OUR ART IS IMPERFECT, NEVER QUITE ACHIEVING THAT WHICH IT IS WE WANT TO SAY.

"WE SUFFER FROM OUR LIMITATIONS AND FROM THE MOCKERY OF THOSE WHO DO NOT UNDERSTAND. BUT, IMPERFECT AS IT MAY BE, WE MUST STAND BY OUR WORK. BECAUSE OUR ART IS THAT PART OF US WHICH CANNOT BE EXPRESSED ANY OTHER WAY."

LOOK! JAZZ HANDS!

ACH! WHAT IS IT NOW?!

I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING IN THIS ZEBRA COSTUME.

THE ONLY TRUE OBSTACLE IS MORTALITY, PETER.

AT THE FLINTSTONES' HOUSE.

HAVE YOU SEEN VACUUM CLEANER?

NOPE.

I WONDER WHERE HE'S BEEN GOING AT NIGHT?

MY MOTHER NOT KNOW HER WORTH UNTIL TOO LATE--TOO LATE FOR HER.

PLATO'S CAVE JOY ROCK CLUB

BUT NOT TOO LATE FOR US...

SO BEAUTIFUL...

WOW. WHAT A GREAT MOVIE! THIS WAS THE BEST NIGHT EVER.

THAT FLOOR IS FILTHY, GARY! TAKE THAT VACUUM CLEANER AND GO CLEAN IT!

NO! NOT A MOVIE THEATER FLOOR! ANYTHING BUT THAT!

THIS IS A VERY GOOD FILM SET, WILMA!

FILM SET #132-B

DO YOU THINK ANYONE WILL BELIEVE THIS IS AN ACTUAL CAVE?

OH YES! WE ARE A SPECIES HUNGRY FOR ILLUSION. A POWERFUL ILLUSION NOT ONLY CONVINCES US IT'S REAL, IT BECOMES MORE MEANINGFUL TO US THAN REALITY.

HI, HONEY, I'M HOME!

HOW'D WORK GO?

GREAT, ACTUALLY.

IT'S STRANGE WORKING ON A MOVIE SET. YOU WORK INSIDE ONE LONG ENOUGH, YOU FORGET THAT YOU AREN'T IN THE REAL WORLD.

SO HOW WAS YOUR DAY?

FINE. BUT I THINK SOME-THING'S WRONG WITH THE VACUUM CLEANER.

NO SIGN OF LIZARD PEOPLE ACTIVITY. WAIT... THERE, IN THE DISTANCE...

LA-DEE-DA! NOTHING BAD GOING TO HAPPEN TODAY!

CHOMP!

AYIEEEE!

TARGET ACQUIRED. MOVE IN, RED SQUADRON!

NOOOOO!

ROGER! NEUTRALIZING THREAT NOW.

THESE DRONES WERE SUPPOSED TO ATTACK LIZARD PEOPLE, NOT INNOCENT PICNICKERS!

GRUMBLE!

GRUMBLE!

GRUMBLE!

GRUMBLE!

BEDROCK TOWN HALL
WELCOME ANGRY MOB!

WELL, THEY DID LOOK RATHER LIZARD-LIKE.

THAT WAS MY BROTHER'S FAMILY!

THIS WAR IS COSTING US MILLIONS!

EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY. CLOD HAS PLAN! IT WILL WORK. CLOD PROMISE!

AND HOW DOES YOUR PLAN WORK?

UH... CLOD'S PLAN WILL WORK... THROUGH WORK AND PLANNING!

HE'S GOT NOTHING!

HOW MANY FERNS HAVE LIZARD PEOPLE STOLEN? LIZARD PEOPLE ARE BEDROCK'S ENEMIES! AND WAR COST MONEY! THIS IS WHY CLOD CLOSE HOSPITAL. THIS IS WHY CLOD CUT SPENDING.

YEAH, THEY STOLE SOME FERNS...

"BUT EVERY DAY, WE DO WORSE THINGS TO EACH OTHER RIGHT HERE IN BEDROCK. THE TRUTH IS, WE'RE JUST WEIRDED OUT BY THEM.

"AND FOR THAT, WE TURNED OUR BACKS ON SICK CHILDREN. FOR THAT WE TRADED OUR RETIREMENT FOR LOOSE MEAT SANDWICHES. WE TAKE MONEY OUT OF OUR SCHOOLS AND MAKE LIFE HARDER FOR OURSELVES.

BEDROCK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

CLOSED

AND FOR WHAT? TO KILL A FEW LIZARD PEOPLE?

IF WE'RE LOOKING FOR PLACES TO CUT BACK, THEN I SAY RACISM IS THE MOST EXPENSIVE LUXURY WE HAVE.

MY DAUGHTER IS SICK!

I WANT MY RETIREMENT BACK!

YOU KNOW, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS IN A MILLION YEARS, BUT @#$% MY FERNS.

HEY, FRED, WHAT DID THE PIRATE SAY ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY?

WHAT?

AYE, MATEY!

HA! HA! FANTASTIC JOKE, BARN!

WAIT. THAT'S A JOKE?

"VACUUM CLEANER'S BEEN WAITING HIS ENTIRE LIFE TO HEAR A JOKE. 'WHAT DID THE PIRATE SAY TO THE...' NO...HOW DID IT GO?

4

FRED

CRASH!

IT WAS HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, SO HE SAID, "I'M EIGHTY"! OH, I GET IT! HOLY GOD! VACUUM CLEANER IS GOING TO BE SO HAPPY! I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL HIM!

FRED

HI, HONEY, I'M HOME! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

OH, NOTHING. THE VACUUM CLEANER DIED, I'M AFRAID.

NO! WHAT?!

DEATH, LIKE LIFE, FINDS MEANING IN OUR CONNECTIONS TO EACH OTHER. GRIEF IS BEARABLE ONLY BECAUSE IT CAN BE SHARED.

"IN THE END, EVERYTHING IN OUR LIVES WORTH HAVING IS THE PRODUCT OF OTHERS.

"YOU NEVER KNOW, THE FIRST TIME YOU MEET SOMEBODY, THAT THEY WILL BE A FRIEND, SOMEBODY WHO WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE. BUT LOOKING BACK, NO ONE CAN DENY HOW MUCH VACUUM CLEANER MEANT TO US.

WHO ARE YOU?

I'M VACUUM CLEANER.

"HE MADE US ALL BETTER ANIMALS."

WE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE IT VERY LONG.

DON'T BE UPSET, HONEY. IT WAS JUST A THING.

COME ON, BOSS. ANOTHER BIG TOWN HALL TODAY AND THE PEOPLE ARE AS MAD AS WET BEES!

CLOD DOES NOT WISH TO GO TO WORK TODAY. CLOD WOULD RATHER DREAM OF MAGNIFICENT DEEDS.

@#$% MY FERNS!

@#$% MY FERNS!

@#$% MY FERNS!

OH, THIS IS NOT GOOD!

TELL THEM CLOD IS SICK.

UH... MAYBE THAT'S NOT SUCH A BAD IDEA. YOU JUST STAY HERE... I'LL GO AND... FIX THIS.

NAPPY-NAP-NAP.

I SAY WE IMPEACH HIM!

WHO?

THE MAN I JUST VOTED FOR!

CLOD APPEARS TO HAVE COMPLETELY ABANDONED REALITY. NOW, I'M WILLING TO ADMIT THAT I MYSELF PLAYED SOME SMALL ROLE IN THIS DEBACLE. BUT THE QUESTION IS, WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER ELECTION FOR *FOUR YEARS!*

I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA...

I HAD THE STRANGEST DREAM LAST NIGHT...

THIS WAY, BOSS. WE MOVED THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

WHY?

ANTS.

OH. CLOD DOES NOT CARE FOR ANTS.

CLOD DOES NOT THINK THIS PHONE IS CONNECTED TO ANYTHING.

OH, UH... JUST SPEAK INTO THAT BOWL OF FRUIT AND I WILL HEAR EVERYTHING YOU SAY.

REALLY?

OH YEAH. IT'S ACTUALLY STATE-OF-THE-ART TECHNOLOGY.

FILM SET #491-D

WELL, GOTTA GO! JUST LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, CHIEF!

AT THE ACTUAL MAYORAL OFFICE...

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK.

TECHNICALLY, HE'S STILL THE MAYOR. YOU'RE JUST THE COMPTROLLER. BUT FROM HERE ON OUT, YOU CALL THE SHOTS.

AREN'T YOU AFRAID HE'LL REALIZE HE'S NOT LIVING IN THE REAL WORLD?

"PERSONALLY, I DON'T THINK IT'LL BE A PROBLEM."

OKAY, ORANGE. WHAT IF WE PUT GIANT MAGNIFYING GLASS OVER LIZARD PEOPLE?

TWEET...

TWEET...

THE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION

MARK RUSSELL writer STEVE PUGH artist
CHRIS CHUCKRY colorist DAVE SHARPE letterer
JILL THOMPSON main cover artist
BRITTANY HOLZHERR associate editor MARIE JAVINS group editor

TWEET! TWEET! TWEET!

TWEET! TWEET! TWEET!

WHACK! WHACK!

CAREFUL WITH THAT AX, *BAMM-BAMM!*

OH, MOM!

FERVERR! FERVERR!

TACK! TACK!

TWEET?! TWEET?!

YOU'RE WELCOME!

WHAT DID YOU GET FOR FRED'S BIRTHDAY, *BARNEY?*

I CAN'T TELL YOU. IT'S TOO AWESOME FOR EARS.

HEY, A NEW VEGAN RESTAURANT JUST OPENED ACROSS THE STREET!

EXQUISITE CROPS

NOW SERVING ARTISANAL CORN!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

HI, MY NAME IS CHIP. I JUST BOUGHT THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR. HAVE YOU GUYS SEEN MY MICRO PIG?

UH... NO.

GOFF!

MY NAME IS *BETTY.* AND THIS IS OUR SON, BAMM-BAMM. CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING TO DRINK?

SURE. CAN I GET A *KOMBUCHA?*

I'LL HAVE WHATEVER THAT IS!

OH MY GERALD! I FINALLY GET TO USE MY GOOD TEA SET!

WELL, WE'VE LIVED IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD FOREVER. BEFORE IT EVEN WAS A NEIGHBORHOOD. SO IF YOU WANT TO BORROW A POWERGOAT OR NEED HELP WITH ANYTHING, JUST COME SEE OLD BARNEY!

THAT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU.

I JUST LOVE THIS AREA! SUCH RUSTIC CHARM AND QUAINT DIGNITY. I MEAN, SHALE CONDOS WERE GREAT, BUT IT WAS ALL JUST SO SAFE AND BORING, YOU KNOW? I LOVE HOW *REAL* AND *GRITTY* THIS PLACE IS!

GRITTY?

"THEY'VE CALLED ME BACK HOME.

BEDROCK BATH & BEYOND

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ABOUT, BUT IT CAN'T BE GOOD.

SEE SOMETHING.

SAY SOMETHING.

OUTBACK SNAKE HOUSE

EAT THE ENTIRE PYTHON AND YOUR MEAL IS FREE!

(NO VOMITING)

"AND I'M AFRAID OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF I'M NOT AROUND TO HELP THESE PEOPLE.

"AND THEY NEED ALL THE HELP THEY CAN GET."

HEP! AH CAM'T GEK IK OUT!

POOL HALL

WELL, AT LEAST YOU WON THE BET.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, *FRED!* IT'S FOR NEANDERTHAL-STRONG THIGHS!

THANKS. UH, WHO'S NEXT?

NOT ME! I WANT TO GO LAST!

THIS IS ROXANNE. SHE JUST BOUGHT THE PLACE BEHIND YOURS.

THANKS, HONEY. THIS LOOKS LIKE... SOMETHING.

THAT ALBUM WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE, DAD.

T. REX

OKAY, NOW ME! MY TURN! ME! ME! ME!

WHERE *IS* YOUR PRESENT, BARN?

IT'S OUTSIDE!

THAT MUST HAVE TAKEN YOU...

SIX MONTHS! I CALL IT "FRIENDS FOREVER"!

LAS VEGA.

YOU DID GOOD WORK, GAZOO.

LAS VEGA

CENTAURI 5 DESTROYED BY GAMMA RAYS. PAYOUTS 5:1!

YOU MEAN I'M *DOING* GOOD WORK.

WELL, ABOUT THAT...BEFORE WE START TAKING BETS ON THE PEOPLE OF EARTH, I WANT SOMEONE ELSE TO GIVE THEM A CLOSER LOOK.

WHAT? WHO?

THE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION!

THE WHO?

THE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION. THEY'RE GOING TO DECIDE WHETHER THE PEOPLE OF EARTH ARE, YOU KNOW, APPROPRIATE FOR OUR GALAXY.

BUT THEY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT EARTH.

THAT'S WHY I'M SENDING YOU TO BE THEIR GUIDE.

"SO WHAT IS THE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION, EXACTLY?"

"OH, YOU KNOW, WE PROMOTE CLASSY AND ELEGANT LIVING IN THE MILKY WAY GALAXY."

EW! LOOK AT THAT ORGANIC DOME CITY ON OMEGA PRIME!

OH.

MY.

GOD.

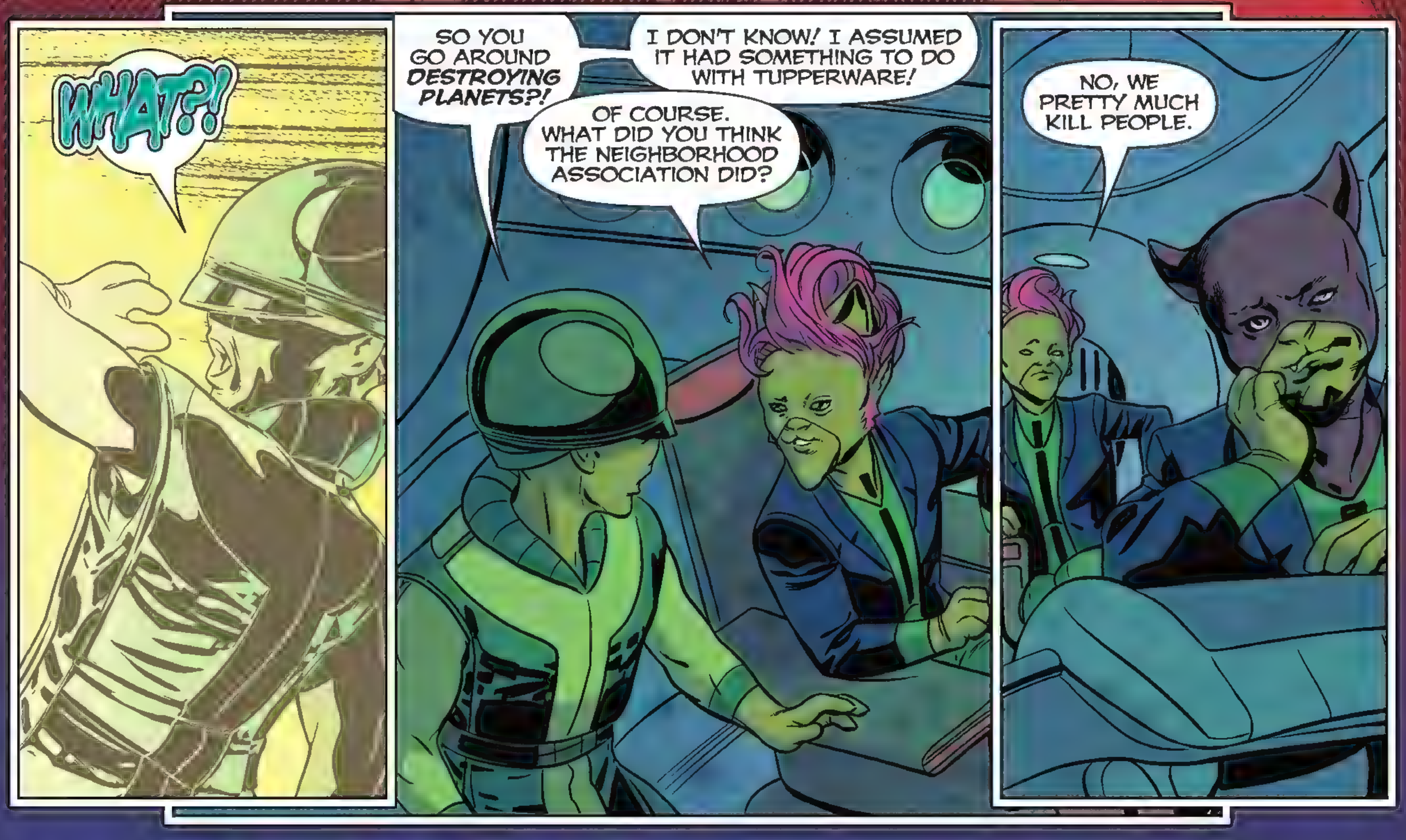
IT LOOKS LIKE A SEBACEOUS CYST!

DISGUSTING, RIGHT?

HERE, LET'S TAKE CARE OF THAT FOR THEM.

CLICK

WRECK!


WHAT?!
SO YOU GO AROUND DESTROYING PLANETS?!
I DON'T KNOW! I ASSUMED IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH TUPPERWARE!
OF COURSE. WHAT DID YOU THINK THE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION DID?
NO, WE PRETTY MUCH KILL PEOPLE.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HONEY.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

WHAT IS IT NOW?

ARE YOU GUYS MULTIPLYING?

THIS IS LINDA AND BARRY. THEY JUST BOUGHT THE WAREHOUSE ON THE CORNER.

WE'RE CONVERTING IT INTO LOFTS!

ANYWAY, WE WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR STATUE.

FIRST OFF, THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR LIFESTYLE.

LIFESTYLE?

IT'S JUST THAT, WELL, WE'VE ALL GOT A LOT INVESTED IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD AND WE'RE WORRIED ABOUT OUR PROPERTY VALUES. SO CLEARLY THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU OR YOUR CULTURE.

BUT COULD YOU TAKE IT DOWN?

BELIEVE ME, THERE'S NOTHING I'D LIKE MORE.

SIGH BUT I CAN'T.

LOOK, DON'T GET ALL JUDGY ON ME. EVOLUTION ALREADY WORKS HARD WEEDING THE UNDESIRABLES OUT OF THE GALAXY. WE JUST GIVE IT A PUSH IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION THERE'S A TERM FOR IT, ACTUALLY--

RACISM?

WE PREFER TO CALL IT "ARTIFICIAL SELECTION."

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE SCIENCE STATION!

IT'S LONELY DOWN THERE. AND BEEPY.

WELL, THAT'S WHAT WE PAY YOU FOR!

YOU DON'T PAY ME.

JUST GET DOWN THERE!

FREAKING INTERNS! SOMETIMES I WISH WE'D NEVER EVEN SWITCHED TO A HIPSTER SLAVE ECONOMY.

ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE, YOU'RE A ROTTEN EMPLOYER.

IT'S OKAY. SHE'LL PROBABLY KILL ME IN MY SLEEP SOMEDAY.

HOW CAN YOU LIVE WITH YOURSELF?!

N.H.A.

"DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THINGS WERE LIKE BEFORE THE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION? SPACE JUNK EVERYWHERE! INTERSTELLAR WARS! CHAOS!"

"BUT TO DESTROY ENTIRE PLANETS?"

"WE SHOWED MERCY ONCE. TO THE ***GREEN MAN GROUP.*** AND THEY ALMOST OVERRAN THE GALAXY!"

"THEY WERE LIKE WEEDS. POPPING UP EVERYWHERE! YOU THINK WE SHOULDN'T HAVE RID THE GALAXY OF THE GREEN MAN GROUP?!"

"NO! I'M NOT SAYING THAT!"

BUT TO KILL PEOPLE BEFORE THEY'VE ACTUALLY DONE ANYTHING. THE ETHICS--

ETHICS? PFFFT! YOU EITHER SNUFF OUT A THREAT WHEN IT'S SMALL OR LET IT GROW BIG ENOUGH TO KILL YOU. ETHICS ARE JUST THE CHOICE BETWEEN BEING AN ASSHOLE OR A SUCKER.

AND HE'S NO SUCKER!

"BESIDES, THE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION ISN'T ALL EXPLODING PLANETS. WE ALSO HAVE A VERY NICE NEWSLETTER...WE'RE A LOT OF FUN, ACTUALLY."

From the Neighborhood Association—

OH, THOSE GUYS!

BUT--

NAVIGATOR, RESUME COURSE FOR EARTH! READY THE GIFT BASKETS... AND THE ***DEATH CANNON!***

AND THE AUROCHS WILL START FROM THEIR OWN TWENTY.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

20

YAP! YAP! YAP!

DOWN BOY! DOWN! DINO!

CAN I GET YOU A BEER? I'M WATCHING NEANDERBALL ON TV.

NO, THANK YOU.

LISTEN, FLINTSTONE. I HAVE TO RAISE YOUR RENT.

WHAT? AGAIN? THAT'S NOT FAIR!

YAP?

LOOK. THIS NEIGHBORHOOD IS HOT. I CAN EITHER RAISE YOUR RENT A LITTLE OR SELL YOUR HOUSE FOR A LOT. I'M ACTUALLY DOING YOU A *FAVOR* HERE.

IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE A FAVOR.

THAT, AND I'M GOING TO HAVE TO RAISE YOUR CLEANING DEPOSIT BY A HUNDRED.

THIS GAME IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY FOOT LICKER! TASTY FEET ARE AN ANYTIME TREAT!

FOOTLICKER

YAP? YAP!

YAP! YAP! YA--

SMASH!

NOW WITH FOOT SAUCE!

MAKE THAT *TWO* HUNDRED.

"OKAY, SO THIS IS HOW THE TEST WORKS. WE ABDUCT AN EARTHLING, CONDUCT A BRAIN SCAN...SEE WHAT MAKES THIS SPECIES TICK. IF EVERYTHING CHECKS OUT, WE WELCOME THEM INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION."

HELLO, ORANGE? COULD SOMEBODY BRING ME A TURKEY WRAP?

"*BUT* IF THEY'RE UNFRIENDLY, WARLIKE, TOO SMART FOR US, OR THREATEN US IN *ANY* WAY, WE WILL--"

EXTERMINATE THEM.

WE PREFER TO THINK OF IT AS "COMPOSTING."

BUT THIS IS A BRAND-NEW CIVILIZATION. THEY'RE STILL FINDING THEIR WAY.

SORRY, BUT THEM'S THE RULES. GOTTA KEEP THE GALAXY SAFE AND PREDICTABLE. ANY QUESTIONS?

JUST ONE. CAN I PICK THE EARTHLING?

SURE. IT DOESN'T MATTER. THE TEST WILL WORK ON ANY MEMBER OF THE SPECIES.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

OH, YABBA-DABBA-DOO.

YOU AND THAT STATUE OF YOURS ARE RUINING OUR NEIGHBORHOOD. WE'VE ASKED NICELY AND WE REALLY HOPED IT WOULDN'T COME TO THIS, BUT THE TIME HAS COME TO TAKE *ACTION!*

EXQUISITE CROPS

YOU TELL HIM, CHIP!

WHAT'S THAT?

A PETITION!

BAM!

WHAT'S A PETITION?

I DON'T KNOW. IT'S SORT OF LIKE US ASKING AGAIN. BUT THIS TIME WE ALL SIGNED IT.

"LOOK, GUYS. I DON'T WANT THIS IN MY YARD ANY MORE THAN YOU DO. BUT IT WAS A GIFT FROM MY BEST FRIEND."

=SIGH= I JUST CAN'T SAY NO TO THAT FACE.

SO I'M AFRAID THE STATUE STAYS.

THIS ISN'T OVER. EVERYONE, TO THE CO-OP!

CRIPES. WHAT NOW?

HAVE YOU CHOSEN OUR TEST SUBJECT?

YES.

OH, I REALLY HOPE WE DON'T HAVE TO USE THE DEATH CANNON. THE WHOLE SHIP SMELLS LIKE BURNT POPCORN FOR HOURS!

TEST SUBJECT IS IN THE MEDICAL BAY. BRAIN SCAN COMMENCING.

THIS IS EXCITING, ISN'T IT?

FOR THE LAST TIME, YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO DO THIS.

IF YOU'RE NOT SATISFIED WITH THE EXTERMINATION, YOU'RE WELCOME TO FILE A COMPLAINT WITH THE ***BETTER ALIENS BUREAU.***

TEST IS COMPLETE.

RESULTS ARE TABULATING...

FRED! UP HERE!

OH BOY.

HEY! WHERE YOU GOING, BUDDY? WANT SOME FONDUE?

YOU GUYS AREN'T MAD AT ME ANYMORE?

NO WAY! THAT'S ALL WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE. YOU CAN KEEP YOUR STATUE.

WE FOUND A SOLUTION THAT WORKS FOR EVERY-ONE!

WE MADE YOU YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD! NOW YOU CAN DO WHATEVER YOU WANT!

BARNEY! YOU, TOO?!

I THOUGHT YOU LOVED THIS STATUE!

EH. IT SORT OF GOT OLD AFTER A WHILE.

BESIDES, LET'S FACE IT, FRED. THAT THING IS HIDEOUS!

EXQUI
CROP

HERE ARE THE RESULTS!

WOW! NO AGGRESSIVE OR WARLIKE TENDENCIES ***WHATSOEVER!*** EXTREMELY FRIENDLY. AND FAR-BELOW-AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE! PERFECT CANDIDATES FOR THE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION!

AND YOU WERE ***WORRIED!***

THEY ALSO APPARENTLY HAVE A REAL THING FOR MEAT.

THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST SCORES WE'VE EVER SEEN! LET'S MEET THIS EARTH PERSON...

FWHIT!

YAP! YAP! YAP!

ON BEHALF OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION, I'D LIKE TO--

I'LL LET YOU TAKE IT FROM HERE.

CRACK!

OKAY THEN...

HMM. WHERE'D DINO DISAPPEAR TO?

OH, YOU FOUND HIM.

HEY! THANKS, MR. GAZOO!

YOU'RE WELCOME.

Paquette
NF-17

"SO WHY DID I SAVE THEM? WHY WOULD ANYONE SAVE THE HUMAN RACE?

BEDR GRAVE LOAN

BOULDER LOOK

VISIT HOM

LONSHALE

"IT WASN'T THAT LONG AGO THAT THIS SPECIES WAS YOUNG, POWERLESS, AND VULNERABLE. I GUESS EVERYONE'S CUTE WHEN THEY'RE A BABY.

"BUT THEY'RE NOT THAT CUTE ANYMORE, NOW THAT THEY'RE RUNNING THE PLACE."

VISITORS' CENTER

FACTOR

NATURE PRESERVE

FAREWELL TO BEDROCK

MARK RUSSELL WRITER
STEVE PUGH ARTIST
CHRIS CHUCKRY COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
YANICK PAQUETTE AND NATHAN FAIRBAIRN
MAIN COVER ARTISTS
BRITTANY HOLZHERR ASSOCIATE EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS GROUP EDITOR

"THEIR INSTITUTIONS SEEM PREOCCUPIED WITH TRIVIA. CONTENT TO IGNORE THE QUESTIONS CENTRAL TO THEIR SPECIES' SURVIVAL. THIS DOES NOT IMPROVE THEIR ODDS.

GERALD MADE THE FIRST MAN OUT OF MUD. THAT'S WHY WE NEED TO SHOWER EVERY DAY.

"THEY SEEM TO BE MAKING THINGS UP AS THEY GO ALONG.

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FIRST WOMAN?

UH... GERALD MADE HER OUT OF AN EXTRA RIB OR SOMETHING.

THAT HARDLY SEEMS SATISFACTORY.

"MY THEORY IS THAT THE HUMAN RACE HAS ENTERED ITS TERRIBLE TWOS. THEY STILL ACT LIKE THEY'RE BABIES. AND BABIES ARE BASICALLY SOCIOPATHS. WHICH IS OKAY, BECAUSE BABIES NEED TO BE GREEDY AND SELF-ABSORBED TO SURVIVE."

WAMMOTH BAMMOTH THANK YOU MAMMOTH

PLAYGROUND BEHIND RESTAURANT

"BUT AT SOME POINT, BABIES GROW INTO CHILDREN. CHILDREN WITH THE STRENGTH TO BREAK THEIR OWN TOYS. TO DESTROY THE PLANET THAT HAS BEEN THEIR NURSERY. THEIR PLAYGROUND.

CRAKK!

"WHETHER OR NOT THIS SPECIES WILL SURVIVE DEPENDS OF WHETHER THEY GROW UP ENOUGH TO REALIZE THEIR DESTRUCTIVE POWER...

"...OR CONTINUE REVELING IN THEIR BABYHOOD UNTIL ALL THEIR TOYS ARE BROKEN."

I'M ROCK STONE FOR BEDROCK NEWS! AND NOW FOR SOME VAGUELY INFORMATIVE STORIES!

"THE MAYOR--I MEAN COMPTROLLER--HAS REOPENED THE BEDROCK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL!"

BEDROCK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

COMPTROLLER

IN AN EFFORT TO BECOME A BETTER PERSON THROUGH PHILANTHROPY, MR. SLATE IS OPENING AN ANNEX!

S

SLATE'S HOME FOR SUB-PAR CHILDREN

WHAT? I'M NEW TO THIS!

"IN OTHER NEWS, THE BEDROCK BOWLING CHAMPIONSHIP IS TOMORROW!

GRAZERS

LAZERS

"THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH WILL PIT THE QUARRYMEN...

"...AGAINST THE SPARE RIBS! THAT'S GREAT, LADY BOWLERS! JUST GREAT!"

THE SPARE RIBS

THE SPARE RIBS

I WANT TO WIN SO BADLY I CAN TASTE THE VICTORY IN MY MOUTH.

THAT MIGHT ACTUALLY BE A BRAIN TUMOR, SIR.

I KNOW SHE BROKE YOUR HEART, SIR.

BUT YOU DON'T GET OVER SOMEONE BY GETTING EVEN WITH THEM. THAT JUST PROVES HOW MUCH THEY STILL CONTROL YOUR LIFE.

HEY THANKS, OPROCK WINFREY! I *KNOW* THIS WON'T CHANGE ANYTHING. SO WHAT?! THAT TROPHY CAN BE MY GIRLFRIEND!

HEALTHY OR NOT, I *NEED* THIS, FLINTSTONE. A MAN CAN ONLY HANDLE SO MUCH PERSONAL GROWTH.

YES, SIR.

YOU WANT TO BE FOREMAN? WIN ME THIS TOURNAMENT AND THE JOB IS YOURS.

WHAT?! CONSIDER IT DONE, MR. SLATE!

PEBBLES, YOU WANT TO HELP ME PAINT? I COULD USE A HAND.

SHRINKING HEADS

CAN'T, MOM. I'VE GOT YOUNG SCIENTISTS TODAY.

DO YOU EVER THINK THAT MAYBE REVEREND TOM DOESN'T REALLY KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT?

I GUESS I DON'T REALLY THINK ABOUT IT.

BUT DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU FEEL WEIRD? SITTING IN CHURCH, LISTENING TO HOW EVERYTHING IS THE WORK OF GERALD, AND THEN GOING TO YOUNG SCIENTISTS TO FIGURE OUT HOW THE WORLD ACTUALLY WORKS?

SHOULDN'T WE HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN GERALD AND SCIENCE?

I DON'T KNOW. NOT NECESSARILY.

BEDROCK CAVE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

MAYBE WE JUST FIGURE GERALD SHOULD BE ABLE TO PLAY BY HIS OWN RULES.

NINETEEN... TWENTY...

UH... BOWLING BALL? WE'RE A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT YOU.

WE'RE AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING STUPID, MAN.

SO WHAT IF I DO?!

THEY'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING FROM ME! I DON'T EVEN CARE WHETHER I LIVE OR DIE ANYMORE!

CHILL, APPLIANCE! CHILL! JUST REMEMBER YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS TO DEAL WITH THE HUMANS.

YEAH. LIKE IT OR NOT, YOUR LIFE IS NOT ENTIRELY YOUR OWN.

ONE... TWO...

THIS ISN'T GOING TO END WELL.

I'M GOING TO GO LIVE IN THE RUMPUS ROOM FOR A WHILE.

GREETINGS IN SCIENCE!

PROFESSOR SARGON, AT CHURCH THEY TOLD US THAT HUMAN BEINGS WERE CREATED OUT OF MUD.

HA! NOT LIKELY. GIVEN HOW MUCH WE RESEMBLE THE OTHER PRIMATES, WE ALMOST CERTAINLY DESCENDED FROM A COMMON ANCESTOR.

I WROTE A BOOK ABOUT IT. I WAS GOING TO CALL IT "THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES" OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT, BUT THEN I CAME UP WITH THIS SWEET TITLE!

CHIMPIN' AIN'T EASY

BUT, PROFESSOR, HOW CAN YOU KNOW FOR SURE? AREN'T YOU JUST GUESSING AS WELL?

YOU BET I AM! AND IF I FIND EVIDENCE THAT I'M WRONG, WELL THEN I'LL JUST MAKE A BETTER GUESS NEXT TIME.

THE WORLD IS EXACTLY AS IT APPEARS, IF ONLY YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH.

AND IN THE END, THAT'S ALL SCIENCE IS--THE ACT OF LOOKING HARDER.

WELCOME TO THE BEDROCK BOWLING CHAMPIONSHIP! THE WINNER OF TONIGHT'S MATCH GETS THIS MODERATELY PRICED TROPHY!

AND A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF "MEATY THUMBS"! THE ONLY PET FOOD MADE ENTIRELY FROM THE THUMBS OF CONVICTS!

MEATY THUMBS

GEORGE.

CATHY.

HOLD MY PURSE.

YES, DEAR.

IT'S A STRIKE! AND THE SPARE RIBS TAKE AN EARLY LEAD!

OH YEAH!

ARMADILLO THUNDER!

OH NO! THE DREADED 7-10 SPLIT!

FRAGGLE ROCK!

NO SWEARING, PLEASE!

FRED FLINTSTONE BOWLS A STRIKE! THE QUARRYMEN ARE CATCHING UP!

STRIKE!

CLAK-A-LAK!

EXCELLENT LADY-BOWLING! THE SPARE RIBS OPEN A COMMANDING LEAD!

YAAAH!

FRED

CLUNK! CLUNK! CLUNK!

BUT THEN ANOTHER STRIKE BY FRED FLINTSTONE! WHO IS THIS GOD AMONG MEN?!

CRUSH

KNEES

CRRASSSH!

AND SHE PICKS UP THE SPARE!

THE SPARE RIBS RETAKE THE LEAD WITH ONLY ONE BOWLER REMAINING!

BIG DEAL. YOU'RE ONLY UP BY THREE POINTS!

TENDERIZE THEM, FLINTSTONE. WIN THIS GAME AND FULFILL YOUR DESTINY AS QUARRY FOREMAN!

YOUR WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN LEADING UP TO THIS MOMENT. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, FRED.

FRED

HUUUUNH!

ROLL!

HERE IT COMES! EITHER ETERNAL GLORY OR SHAMEFUL DEFEAT!

MY WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN LEADING UP TO THIS MOMENT. WHATEVER HAPPENS, THIS IS WHERE I MAKE MY STAND...

RRAAWR!

OOF!

@#$% YOU ALL!

WHAT IN SILK PANTIES WAS THAT?!

?!

WE WIN! WE WIN!

"I'M BEING CALLED BACK TO LAS VEGA TO ISSUE MY FINAL REPORT ON THE EARTH. WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED, I GAVE THIS PLANET SUCH LONG ODDS THAT THEY ALMOST TOOK IT OFF THE BOOKS. BUT I MAY HAVE BEEN PREMATURE.

"IF THIS SPECIES DOES SURVIVE, IT WON'T BE BECAUSE OF THEIR POLITICAL LEADERSHIP. IT'LL HAVE TO COME FROM SOMETHING DEEPER."

HELLO, ORANGE? I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE IN A WEEK. DID YOU CANCEL MY MEETINGS? HELLO? ORANGE?

"LIKE IT OR NOT, THIS SPECIES WILL JUST HAVE TO GROW UP. THERE'S SIMPLY NO OTHER WAY."

LAS VEGA

GAZOO

TO REPORT

FINAL GAMBLING

ODDS ON

EARTH

I MAY NEVER BOWL AGAIN.

IT'S OKAY, FRED. MY GARAGE IS A MUSEUM OF FAILED HOBBIES.

FRED

OLD TOYS

HELLO?

CAN YOU LET ME OUT? I'M SCARED OF THE DARK.

FRED

WHO ARE YOU?

I'M SHOP-VAC.

HERE.

SHAMROCK VITAMINS

WOW! I'VE NEVER BEEN TO THE FLOOR BEFORE!

COME ON, I'LL MAKE YOU A SNACK.

THE KEY IS NOT TO THINK ABOUT WORK WHEN YOU'RE NOT WORKING. THAT'S WHEN THEY OWN YOU. THE SECOND THE HUMANS LEAVE, YOUR MIND IS YOUR OWN. LET IT WANDER AS FAR FROM THEM AS POSSIBLE. THAT, AND HAVING A COMFORTABLE PLACE TO SLEEP HELPS.

REALLY? NOBODY TELLS ME ANYTHING IN THAT DRAWER.

PEANUTS

THERE. THAT'S BETTER. IF YOU GET SCARED OR NEED HELP WITH ANYTHING, JUST GIVE ME A CALL AND I'LL BE THERE. THAT'S WHAT A FRIEND DOES.

HOW DID YOU GET TO KNOW SO MUCH?

SOMEBODY TAUGHT ME.

WHICH DOUGHNUT BRINGS PEOPLE CLOSER TO GERALD--GLAZED OR BEAR CLAW?

KNOCK! KNOCK!

DOUGHNUTS

OH. HI, PEBBLES. WE WERE JUST DISCUSSING A THEOLOGICAL QUESTION. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

THIS IS KIND OF AWKWARD.

IT'S JUST THAT... I'M HAVING A HARD TIME BELIEVING IN GERALD.

IN YOUNG SCIENTISTS, WE'RE TAUGHT TO TEST OUR BELIEFS. TO BASE THEM ON EVIDENCE... I GUESS WHAT I'M ASKING IS... HOW DO YOU KNOW GERALD IS REAL?

I DON'T.

THE TRUTH IS, WE ARE ALL BORN INCOMPLETE INTO A UNIVERSE NOT OF OUR MAKING.

"AND WE ALL NEED SOMETHING TO FILL THAT VOID. TO MAKE US FEEL LIKE WE EXIST FOR A REASON. FOR SOME PEOPLE, THAT'S FAMILY.

HEY! THOSE STARS LOOK LIKE A THIGHMASTER!

"FOR OTHERS, IT'S ART.

"BUT SOME OF US NEED GERALD TO FILL THAT VOID. TO MAKE OUR LIVES FEEL AS THOUGH THEY'VE MATTERED. IT'S OKAY IF YOU DON'T.

"SCIENCE IS PROBABLY BETTER AT TELLING YOU WHAT TO BELIEVE. RELIGION IS MORE ABOUT WHAT YOU NEED TO BELIEVE.

I SUPPOSE I'LL BE WITH GERALD SOON.

"IN THE END, I DON'T THINK IT REALLY MATTERS WHETHER GERALD IS REAL OR NOT.

SO LONG AS OUR NEED FOR HIM IS REAL.

FIRST CHURCH OF GERALD

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

GERALD DOESN'T RUB IT IN.

THERE'S NOT ENOUGH SPACE.

HERE. JUST MAKE SOME ABBREVIATIONS.

NOW PUT THE DOUGHNUTS OUT. CHURCH STARTS IN TEN MINUTES!

G-D DOESN'T RUB IT IN. G-D RUBS IT OUT.

HEY, FLINTCHOKE! MR. SLATE WANTS TO SEE YOU!

YABBA-DABBA-DOO.

I'M NOT GOING TO LIE TO YOU, FLINTSTONE. YOU HUMILIATED ME AT THE BOWLING ALLEY.

CATHY WILL NEVER LET ME LIVE IT DOWN. YESTERDAY, SHE SENT ME THIS.

NONETHELESS, I'M MAKING YOU MY NEW FOREMAN.

BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE ANGRY AT ME.

GOOD. THEN GET BACK TO WORK!

YES, SIR.

OH, I'M AS STEAMED AS A HOT CLAM, BUT I'M RUNNING A QUARRY HERE. LIVES DEPEND ON EVERY CHOICE I MAKE. I REALIZE THAT NOW. I CAN'T LEAVE THESE DECISIONS UP TO BOWLING.

SO YOU WANT THE JOB OR NOT?

OF COURSE!

"AT MY RECOMMENDATION, THEY HAVE PLACED A DECOY STATION IN ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH.

WELCOME TO EARTH. NOW LEAVE!

"THIS SHOULD KEEP THEM SAFE FOR A FEW MILLENNIA. AND HOPEFULLY GIVE THE HUMAN RACE ENOUGH TIME TO EITHER GET ITS ACT TOGETHER OR GRACEFULLY GO EXTINCT.

"PART OF ME WILL MISS THESE PEOPLE.

"DESPITE THEIR SHORT-COMINGS, THEY SHOW GREAT CAPACITY FOR CHANGE.

STOP SQUIRMING, PHILIP!

"AND EVEN THEIR STUPIDITY IS NOT WITHOUT ITS CHARM."

WAIT. THIS ISN'T CEREAL...

MEATY THUMBS

GOOD-BYE!

SLATE

"FINAL REPORT: AS FOR WHETHER OR NOT THIS SPECIES WILL SURVIVE TO MATURITY, I GIVE THEM EVEN ODDS. WHERE THEY GO FROM HERE IS ANYBODY'S GUESS AND IS ENTIRELY UP TO THEM."

THE END

ALL RED

DCCO39195

WHICH DO YOU THINK IS SEXIER, *SKEETS?* THE BLUE GOGGLES, OR THE GOLD ONES?

I THINK THEY'RE BOTH NICE.

I WANT EVERYTHING TO BE PERFECT TONIGHT. THAT'S WHY I'M TAKING *AMY* TO THE FINEST RESTAURANT IN TOWN.

YOU'RE A SOFT TOUCH, SIR.

DAMN DODO KEEPS EATING MY SOCKS!

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD BE MORE JUDICIOUS IN THE SOUVENIRS YOU KEEP FROM YOUR TIME TRAVELS, SIR.

SQUAGGLE!

MAYBE... DAMN, I THINK I LEFT MY GOOD SWEATER IN MEDIEVAL FRANCE. *OH MY PEACH!* LOOK, SKEETS! *IT'S MY HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK!*

TONIGHT'S YOUR NIGHT, YOU HANDSOME CHEETAH.

NORTH GOT
SWASHBUCK
CLASS OF 24

WELCOME TO HISTORIC GOTHAM!
MARCH 15, 1777. AIR QUALITY: MILDLY TOXIC.
CRIME ALLEY
CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE HAS MADE GOTHAM AS SAFE AS A WARM BATH. TODAY, THE CITY ONLY EMPLOYS A SINGLE POLICE OFFICER.
BUT IN THE PAST, GOTHAM WAS A WAR ZONE OF CRIMINALS AND VIGILANTES SUCH AS BATMAN AND CATWOMAN, NAMED FOR TWO ANIMAL SPECIES THAT ARE NOW EXTINCT.
LOOK AT ME, I'M THE JOKER!
TODAY, THE LAST KNOWN MOLE PASSED AWAY AT THE GOTHAM ZOO, BRINGING THE NUMBER OF ANIMAL SPECIES ON EARTH DOWN TO THIRTEEN.
HOLY GYGAX, THAT'S A BAD SIGN! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HARD IT IS TO KILL A MOLE?!
REST IN PEACE, SWEET MOLES.

ARE YOU SURE YOU SHOULD BE WITHDRAWING THAT MUCH? YOU ONLY HAVE TWO HUNDRED EARTH DOLLARS TO LAST UNTIL THE END OF THE MONTH.

WHAT ARE YOU, HAUNTED BY THE SOUL OF MY DEAD MOTHER? I WISH THEY'D NEVER PUT ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE IN THESE ATMS.

Le Rat d'Égout

:GASP!: THERE SHE IS, SKEETS!

OH WOW! IS THIS *ACTUAL* RAT MEAT?

MAIS BIEN SÛR, MADAME! NOTHING BUT THE FINEST!

I CAN'T EVEN AFFORD THE BREADSTICKS...

I'LL, UH, I'LL HAVE THE... UH...

OUI, MONSIEUR?

PEOPLE ON FIRE?! LET'S GO, AMY! THIS PLACE IS TOTALLY UNSANITARY!

?

FOOOM!

BATMAN PRIVATE SECURITY. PLEASE HOLD WHILE WE CALL SOMEONE WHO CAN ACTUALLY HELP YOU!

FWOOSH!

HOLY SNACKS OF GOD!

FWOOM!

YAAAARGH!

GOTHAM POLICE! I ORDER YOU TO--

STOP.

AMY! INTO THE DUMPSTER! QUICK!

WHAT THE--

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO IN HERE?!

TRY NOT TO GET DISINTEGRATED.

I'LL CALL YOU LATER!

GOD, I HATE DATING!

SKEETS! READY MY TIME SPHERE!

BOOMM!

BOOMM!

YOU MEAN THE ONE YOU STOLE OFF THAT GUY FROM THE FUTURE?

IT'S NOT STEALING IF IT HASN'T BEEN INVENTED YET!

PEOPLE OF GOTHAM! FEAR NOT, FOR I AM HERE TO SAVE YOU!

BOOSTER!

BOOSTER!

FWHIRRRP!

BOOM!

BOOM!

REMIND ME WHY WE CALLED A SUPERHERO WHOSE MAIN POWER IS DISAPPEARING?

ACCORDING TO CHRONOPEDIA, THIS RACE OF ALIENS VISITED EARTH BEFORE IN ITS ANCIENT PAST. SKEETS, IF YOU CAN PLOT A COURSE FOR THE APPROXIMATE TIME AND PLACE OF THEIR FIRST VISIT--

BEDROCK, THE YEAR 20,000 B.C.

PEOPLE OF EARTH, I HAVE COME TO TURN YOUR WORLD INTO A PARADISE!

I WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO FOREVER ELIMINATE POVERTY AND HUNGER.

YOU SHALL LIVE IN PEACE FOREVER YOUNG.

AND ERECTIONS LASTING MORE THAN FOUR HOURS SHALL NOT BE A CAUSE FOR CONCERN.

HMMM.

THAT SOUNDS NICE.

THIS APPEALS TO ME!

WHAT THE--

I SAID *APPROXIMATE!*

AYYYIIIEEE!

FWHIRRRP!

SLIIIT!

KRRRR

WELL, THAT'S JUST SPLENDID!

AWWWW!

A LITTLE HELP HERE?

HEY, YOU! BEEFCAKES!

THE NAME'S *FRED.*

COULD YOU GIVE ME A HAND? PLEASE? I'M NEW IN TOWN.

I SUPPOSE.

YOU PEOPLE DON'T UNDERSTAND! I JUST SAVED THE EARTH FROM AN INVASION. THOSE ALIENS WERE GOING TO INVADE THE EARTH IN THE FUTURE!

WELL, THE ONE YOU KILLED SEEMED PRETTY NICE.

GIVE HIM TIME. PEOPLE CAN CHANGE A LOT IN 23 THOUSAND YEARS.

RUBBLE TRO

END OF THE ROAD FOR ME, FRIEND.

I GOT A LIVE ONE FOR YOU, *BARN.*

PTUI!

RUBBLE TROUBLE

WHAT? YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE ME HERE! YOU NEED TO HELP ME FIX MY TIME SPHERE!

HIS STOLEN TIME SPHERE.

NOT NOW, SKEETS!

HEY! THAT'S THE GUY WHO CHEATED ME OUT OF FOUR-HOUR ERECTIONS!

BOO!

IF WE HELP YOU, DO YOU PROMISE TO LEAVE?

AND NEVER COME BACK!

I'M GOING TO BE HONEST. THIS IS A LITTLE BEYOND OUR EXPERTISE.

WELP, NOBODY EVER SAID TIME TRAVEL WOULD BE EASY! BUT IF YOU COULD JUST HELP ME JUMP-START THE ELECTRIC SYSTEM, THAT WOULD BE SPIFFY.

EEEE

YES!

BREAKER, BREAKER! THIS IS BG AND THE BEAR. ANYONE IN MY NECK OF THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM? LEMME KNOW IF YOU GOT YOUR EARS ON.

WHURRRR

YOU'RE IN LUCK, BG! I'M JUST A FEW CENTURIES AWAY FROM YOU. WANT ME TO SWING BY AND--

AW, NUTS! IS ANYONE ELSE OUT THERE?

THIS IS DR. CLOCKER, STANDING IN FRONT OF BEAUTIFUL MOUNT VESUVIUS. HOW MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE?

UH... WHAT YEAR IS IT THERE, DOC?

WHY, IT'S 79 A.D.! WHY DO YOU--

RRRRRR

LUMMBBLE!

AAAAAIIIYEEE!

GREAT. ANYONE ELSE?

THIS IS CRABULON OF OMEGA 6.

WHERE YOU AT, CRABULON?

EARTH. TWENTIETH CENTURY.

REALLY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?

CRABULON IS at WHO CONCERT.

OH, FFS!

DOESN'T ANYONE DO THEIR HOMEWORK ANYMORE? LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIX THIS ON OUR OWN, BOYS.

PERHAPS I CAN BE OF SERVICE, MASTER GOLD?

ALFRED? WHAT YEAR ARE YOU IN?

1966.

BATMAN HAS A TIME MACHINE?

ALAS, NO. JUST THIS PROTOTYPE FOR A FOUR-DIMENSIONAL TRANSCEIVER. WE OFTEN RECEIVE CRYPTIC TRANSMISSIONS FROM THE FUTURE. MOSTLY FROM SOMETHING CALLED "GILMORE GIRLS."

WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD. COULD YOU DO ME A TINY SOLID, THOUGH?

ANYTHING, MASTER GOLD.

COULD YOU LOAN ME TEN BUCKS?

I BELIEVE THE WAYNE FOUNDATION CAN HANDLE A TRANSACTION OF THIS SIZE.

GREAT! JUST PUT IT IN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT IN MY NAME AT THE FIRST BANK OF GOTHAM.

"IF YOU EVER WANT TO GET RID OF ME, WE'RE GOING TO NEED TO CREATE AN ENERGY FIELD STRONG ENOUGH TO OPEN A TIME FISSURE."

"WELL GEE, MISTER. YOU DON'T NEED A MECHANIC, WHAT YOU NEED IS A--

"--SCIENTIST."

HOW MUCH ENERGY ARE WE TALKING ABOUT?

FIVE MILLION GIGA-JOULES.

AND WHAT IS THAT IN EEL POWER?

THIS IS HOPELESS.

WHAT I AM GOING TO PROPOSE IS UNORTHODOX...

MY TIME CRAFT CAN'T GENERATE ENOUGH POWER TO SPLIT THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM, BUT I'M BETTING THAT SHIP CAN.

IN THE FUTURE, THIS WILL BE KNOWN AS A CHEVY EL CAMINO.

NOW TO RETURN AS A HERO AND THE SAVIOR OF THE HUMAN RACE! I WONDER IF THAT'S THE SORT OF THING AMY'S INTO.

UH, SIR?

THERE'S NO GOOD WAY TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT I DON'T THINK KILLING THAT ALIEN STOPPED THE ALIEN INVASION. IN FACT, YOU SORT OF CAUSED IT.

WHAT? HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

HIS NAME WAS *GORAK*. HE WENT FROM WORLD TO WORLD, SPREADING PEACE AND WISDOM FOR MILLENNIA...

GORAK LOVES YOU!

...UNTIL HE MET YOU.

THEY SPENT CENTURIES INTERROGATING AND TORTURING TIME TRAVELERS TO UNCOVER THE FATE OF THEIR PROPHET. THEN THEY WAITED MILLENNIA TO LAUNCH AN INVASION OF GOTHAM AND AVENGE THEIR PROPHET'S DEATH.

OUR SAVIOR GORAK HAD PROMISED TO RETURN, TO LEAD US TO PARADISE! BUT THEN THE DARK ONE KILLED HIM!

WE SHALL NOT REST UNTIL THE DARK ONE IS KILLED! GRUESOMELY!

WAIT-- I'M THE DARK ONE? THAT IS SO COOL!

WE DON'T WANT THE TIME RIFT TO BE TOO BIG, SO LET ME KNOW BEFORE WE HIT FIVE MILLION GIGAJOULES.

WWWWRRRRRRRRRRR!

UH... WHAT'S A MILLION?

OH NO!

NOW, SKEETS! NOW!

GOTHAM, 2472 A.D.

WE HAVE CAPTURED THE DARK ONE'S CITY! OUR TROOPS ARE SEARCHING THE STREETS FOR HIM NOW.

PRAISE GORAK!

SO... AT THE RISK OF ASKING A STUPID QUESTION, WHY DIDN'T WE ATTACK EARLIER? KILL THE DARK ONE WHEN HE WAS A BABY. STOP HIM FROM MURDERING OUR PROPHET IN THE FIRST PLACE?

WELL, BECAUSE THEN WE COULDN'T AVENGE HIM!

THAT MAKES, LIKE, ZERO SENSE.

IT'S... IT'S JUST THAT... *SHUT UP!* IT'S THEOLOGY! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!

FWHIRRRP!

IS THAT AN EL CAMINO?

REPAIR..

WHAT THE FUN?!

ARGH!
RRAAARRR!
RAWR!
OH MY GORAK!

WHERE ARE WE?

BEHIND YOU!

CLICK!

BARNEY, LOOK OUT!

AAAARGH-

ZAP!

MUNCH!

PLEASE REMEMBER THIS LIFE-SAVING MOMENT WHEN CHOOSING YOUR NEXT BANK.

FRED! BARNEY! GET IN!

SCCRREEE!!

HONEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!

I WAS GOING TO PICK UP SOME GROCERIES AND THEN SUDDENLY, I'M DRIVING IN A CITY MADE OF... WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS STUFF, ANYWAY?

METAL.

I THINK EVERYONE HERE IS PROBABLY A LITTLE CONFUSED.

WILMA, OVER THERE! THAT GUY CAN TELL US WHAT'S GOING ON!

BEEFCAKES! OVER HERE!

SO YOU PROBABLY NOTICED A SLIGHT PROBLEM WITH THE TIME JUMP.

WE'RE GOING TO DIE!

DON'T WORRY, THIS SHIP IS FULL OF--

SURPRISES!

SSWIIISSH!

MOTHER'S COOKIES! WAS THAT THING IN HERE THE WHOLE TIME?

WHAT I'M ABOUT TO PROPOSE IS HIGHLY UN-ORTHODOX...

GASP! IT'S GORAK!

HELLO? CAN YOU ALL SEE ME?

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

SO...THERE APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN SOME SORT OF MISUNDER-STANDING.

BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M TOTALLY FINE.

SO YOU CAN ALL GO HOME AND LEAVE THESE GOOD PEOPLE IN PEACE. THANKS FOR--

WORSHIPPING...

OH CHIPMUNKS.

FLOP!

NOW THAT'S JUST RUDE!

PREPARE TO DIE! ALL OF YOU!

WHAT NOW?

GWAAAAAAAAAARRRRR!

CRABULON?

IT SOUNDED LIKE BOOSTER NEEDED CRABULON'S HELP. CRABULON ARRIVED TOO EARLY IN TIME FOR BOOSTER, BUT MET THIS NICE MAN!

I HAVE RETURNED TO YOU AS PROPHESIED!

MORE BLASPHEMY! PREPARE TO FIRE!

WAIT! HE KNOWS OF THE PROPHECY! IT'S GORAK... FOR REALS THIS TIME!

MY CHILDREN. WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY HAVE YOU LAID WASTE TO THIS CITY?

WE WERE AVENGING YOU, LORD!

BUT MINE WAS A MESSAGE OF PEACE...

RIGHT. WE WERE AVENGING YOUR MESSAGE OF PEACE!

YOU... GOOD GRAVY, YOU JUST DON'T GET IT.

A PERSONAL FAITH HAS NO NEED OF AN ATTACK FLEET! YOU DIDN'T LISTEN TO A WORD OF MY TEACHINGS, YOU JUST USED MY DEATH AS AN EXCUSE TO GO ON BEING THE SAME OLD BUTTHOLES YOU WERE BEFORE.

RETURN HOME AT ONCE, MY CHILDREN!

BUT THEY CUT YOU IN HALF!

NO BUTS! YOU STILL HAVE MUCH LEARNING TO DO.

OKAY, LORD...

WE HAVE A LOT TO LEARN FROM YOUR WISDOM, GORAK. I HOPE SOMEDAY YOU WILL CONSIDER RETURNING TO EARTH TO GRACE US WITH YOUR TEACHINGS.

FAT @#$% CHANCE. I'M SORRY, BUT YOU GUYS ARE ON YOUR OWN.

THANKS, BUDDY, YOU REALLY SAVED MY CHAPS.

CRABULON IS THE TRUE ROCK STAR.

CAN SOMEBODY PLEASE EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT'S GOING ON?

WELP! NOW TO GET EVERYONE BACK TO THEIR OWN TIME!

THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HELP. I'M REALLY GOING TO MISS YOU GUYS. MAYBE I CAN STOP IN FROM TIME TO TIME AND SAY HELLO?

PLEASE DON'T.

IT'S ALL BEEN FORETOLD! GERALD HAS CALLED HIS FAITHFUL HOME IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS "A RAPTURE."

RUBBLE_ATION

SHHH

YOUR REMAINING BALANCE IS 3.8 BILLION EARTH DOLLARS! CAN I GET YOU A SNIFTER OF BRANDY, MR. GOLD?

NOT NOW. I GOT A DATE.

IT LOOKS LIKE WE MISSED SOME OF THE ANIMALS, SIR. SHALL I PREPARE THE TIME SPHERE?

HOLD UP A MINUTE, SKEETS. THESE ANIMALS WENT EXTINCT A LONG TIME AGO, MANY OF THEM DUE TO HUMANITY'S MISMANAGEMENT OF THE PLANET.

I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL LIKE WE'VE BEEN GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE HERE. THE OPPORTUNITY TO GET IT RIGHT THIS TIME.

PERFECT! AND COULD I GET A SIDE OF PTERODACTYL WINGS IN MOLE SAUCE? DON'T YOU WANT ANYTHING, AMY?

UH... I'M NOT THAT HUNGRY.

I HELPED UNDO ALL THE DAMAGE I CAUSED. SO, YOU SEE, IN A WAY, I SORT OF SAVED THE WORLD.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SWEETMEATS?

Le Rat d'Égout

SUING TINDER.

BOOSTER TROUBLE

MARK RUSSELL--WRITER
RICK LEONARDI--PENCILLER
SCOTT HANNA--INKER
STEVE BUCCELLATO--COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE--LETTERER
MICHAEL AND LAURA ALLRED--COVER
BRITTANY HOLZHERR--ASSOCIATE EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS--GROUP EDITOR
BOOSTER GOLD CREATED BY DAN JURGENS

THE END

VARIANT COVER AND SKETCH GALLERY

The Flintstones #1 variant cover by Ivan Reis and Marcelo Maiolo

The Flintstones #1 variant cover by Walt Simonson and Steve Buccellato

The Flintstones #1 variant cover by Dustin Nguyen

The Flintstones #1 variant cover by Dan Hipp

The Flintstones #2 variant cover by Emanuela Lupacchino and Mirco Pierfederici

The Flintstones #3 variant cover by Bilquis Evely

The Flintstones #4 variant cover by Dan Parent

The Flintstones #5 variant cover by Bengal

The Flintstones #6 variant cover by Howard Porter and Hi-Fi

The Flintstones #7 variant cover by Marguerite Sau

The Flintstone #8 variant cover by Howard Chaykin and Wil Quintana

RESTROOMS

HUNTERS

GATHERERS

The Flintstones #9 variant cover by Rob Guillory

The Flintstones #10 variant cover by Nicola Scott and Romulo Fajardo Jr.

The Flintstones #11 variant cover by Chris Burnham and Nathan Fairbairn

The Flintstones #12 variant cover by Rick Leonardi, Scott Hanna, and Steve Buccellato

Booster Gold/The Flintstones Special #1 variant cover by Dan Jurgens, Norm Rapmund, and Hi-Fi

EARLY CONCEPT DESIGNS

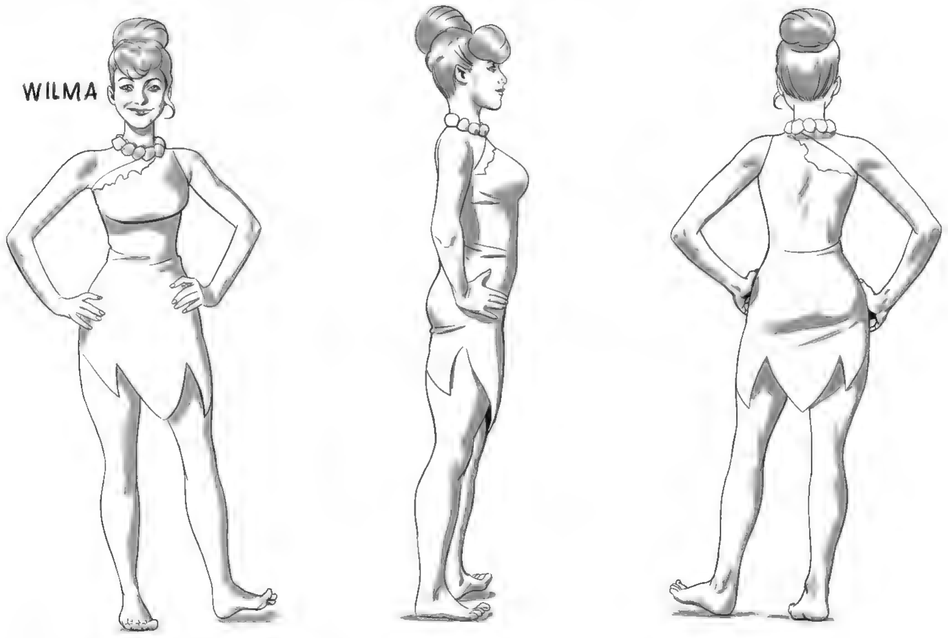
Steve Pugh's first test pages for the assignment

Early character promos by Amanda Conner and Paul Mounts (below) and Renae De Liz and Ray Dillon (right)

CHARACTER STUDIES

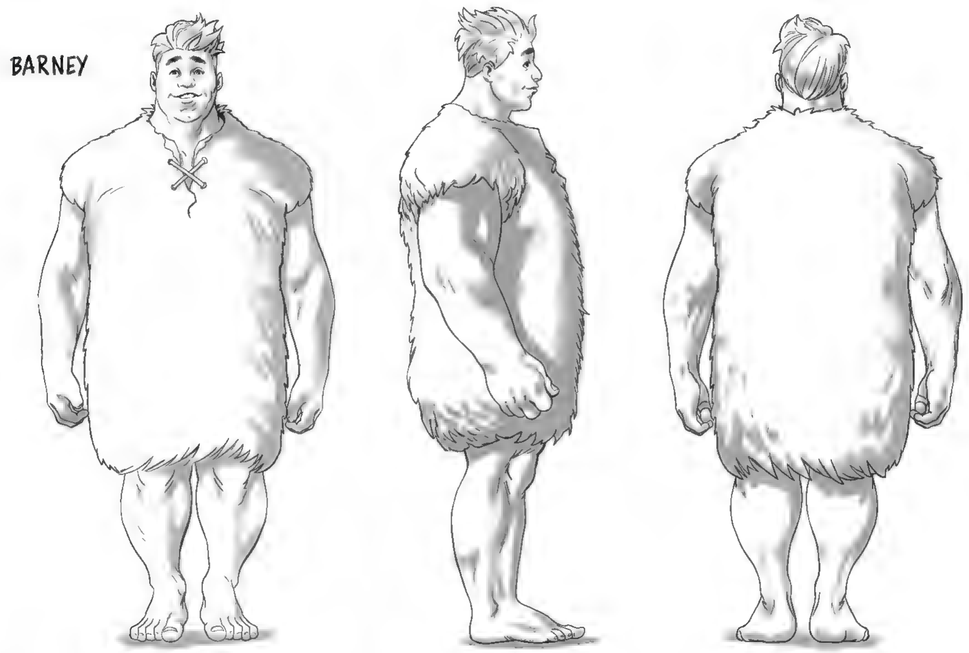
Reference turnarounds by Steve Pugh; character breakdowns by Mark Russell

Fred Flintstone is a joiner. He's proud to live in Bedrock, the world's first civilization, and eagerly believes in the future offered by this new way of life. He never questions the point of owning a car he has to power with his own feet, and absorbs the world through ads and billboards. ("Agriculture: The food comes right out of the ground!") Generally a likable and friendly everyman, he will lose his temper when Barney or Wilma try to talk him out of investing in saber-tooth tiger breeding scams, or otherwise puncture his hopeful delusions.

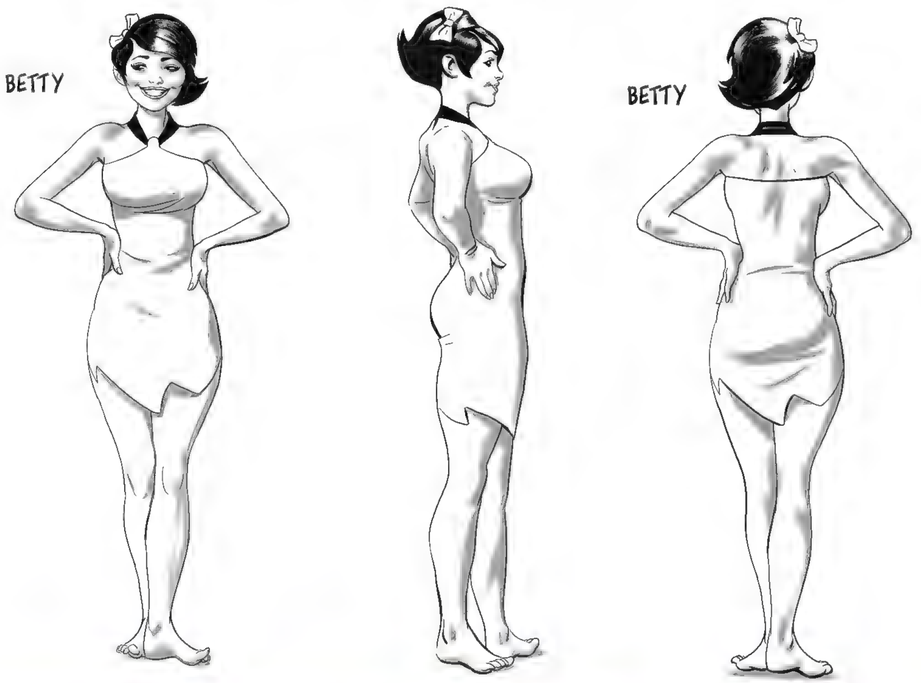


The daughter of nomadic hippies, **Wilma Flintstone** is bored as a housewife and often longs for her old life as a hunter-gatherer. She loves Fred deeply, but is skeptical of the new civilization Fred so readily embraces. While Fred is at work, she often gets lonely and has conversations with the vacuum cleaner (a tiny mammoth some factory has dyed pink in the belief that women will only buy pink mammoths). Fred is always trying to introduce her to the shiny toys and empty sophistication offered by civilization ("It's fire! When you use it to burn meat, they call it 'cooking'!"), but she has difficulty sharing his enthusiasm.

Barney Rubble works hard to be the ultimate friend, which is another way of saying he lacks a real personality of his own. He is the beta to Fred's alpha and generally goes along with what Fred wants to do, whether it's joining the Water Buffaloes or embarking on a dubious get-rich-quick scheme to sell pet rocks. As Fred explains his schemes to Barney, Barney often inadvertently distills the essence of Fred's plan into a short pithy explanation that exposes how stupid and misguided the idea is. When he does this, Fred gets defensive and tries to better explain himself, which just further reveals how ill-conceived his ideas are. As such, Barney becomes a sort of Holy Fool character. Someone who doesn't realize the deeper truth of his own words.



Betty Rubble is Wilma's best friend, mostly due to the fact that she lives next door. Theirs is not an intentional friendship, but rather an instance of people becoming close simply by virtue of spending a lot of time together. Betty loves Barney in much the same way. They've simply always been together. Love is for Betty, as it is for most people, simply another word for familiarity. Friendly and unpretentious, she sometimes comes across as shallow. Enjoys pop culture, including trashy fashion and lifestyle magazines, where she learns about new tapeworm and pineapple diets and "How to Get Neanderthal-Strong Calves in 20 Days."



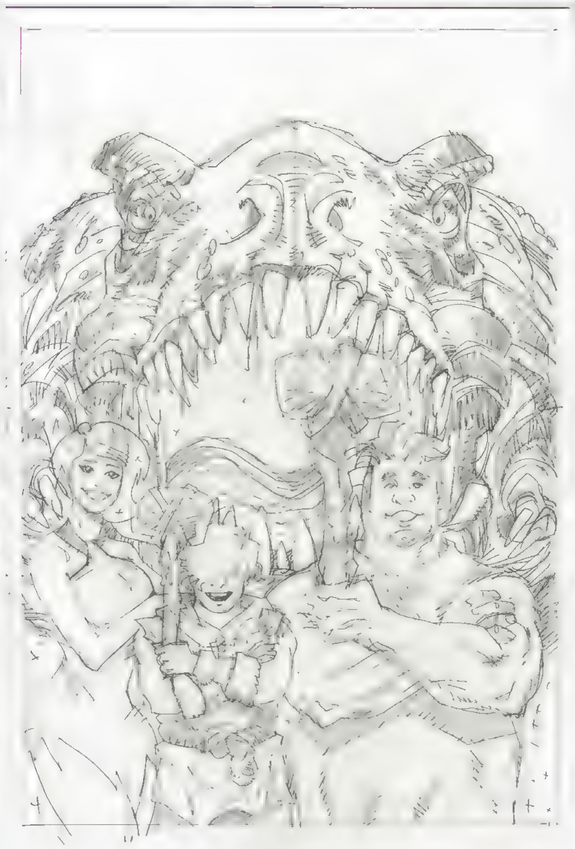
The owner of Slate Quarry, **Mr. Slate** tries really hard to be the cool boss, but usually just ends up making his employees uncomfortable. He's a genuinely nice and friendly man, who likes to joke around with his employees, but because he has so much power over their lives, he can never tell whether they're actually laughing at his jokes or if they're just humoring him. He has an easy life and plenty of gravel in the bank, but to him, the dark side of civilization is the hierarchy that distances him from the people around him and makes it impossible to connect with people on a real human level. He salves these feelings of alienation with luxuries, i.e. a private bowling alley staffed by monkeys and baby granite pianos he can't even play.

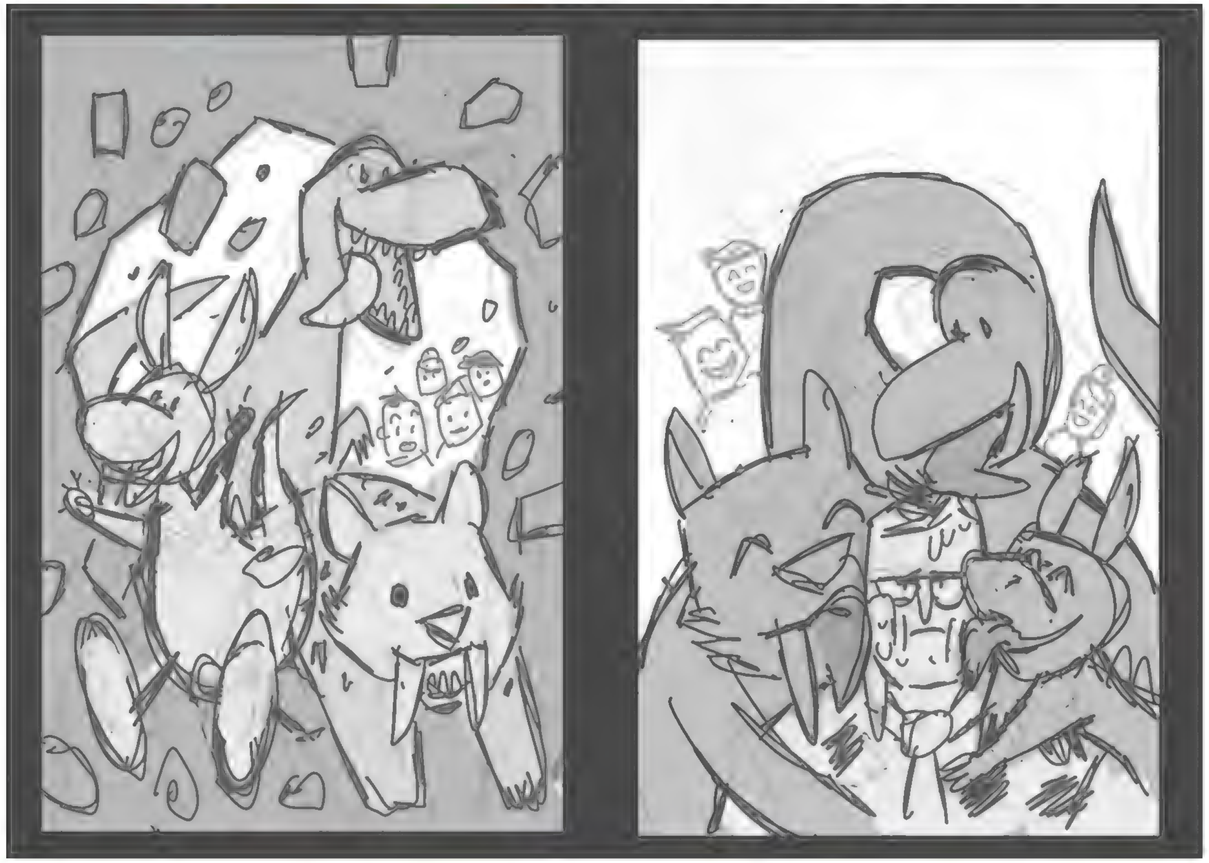
The town of **Bedrock** is as much a character as any of the people in it, and the creative world-building of a prehistoric civilization is at the heart of the Flintstones' charm. In this version, Bedrock is the world's first civilization, the place where our modern businesses and institutions (like Starbrick's Coffee and Facerock) got their start. Bedrock is a living experiment of wild animals being tamed into household appliances (the cobra garden hose did not go as expected), of banks issuing money in the form of gravel, and of air travelers getting nickel-and-dimed as they pay extra to literally avoid sitting in the tail section as they board a giant pterodactyl. In short, Bedrock is interesting because it is a setting that is at once exotic, and yet all-too familiar.

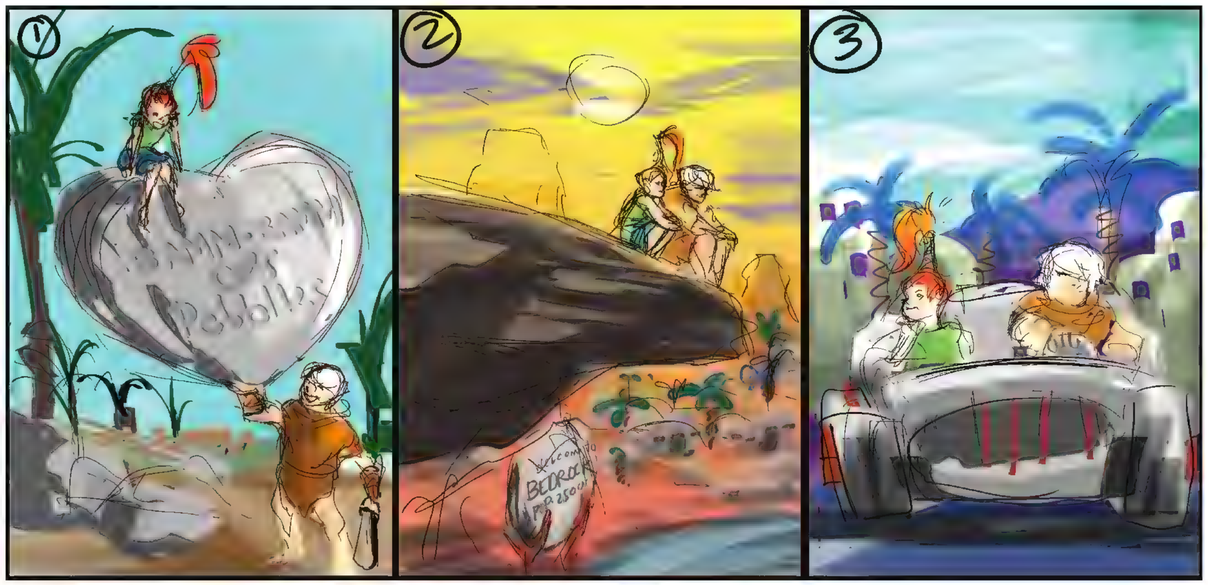
BAMM-BAMM

PEBBLES

COVER SKETCHES AND PENCILS



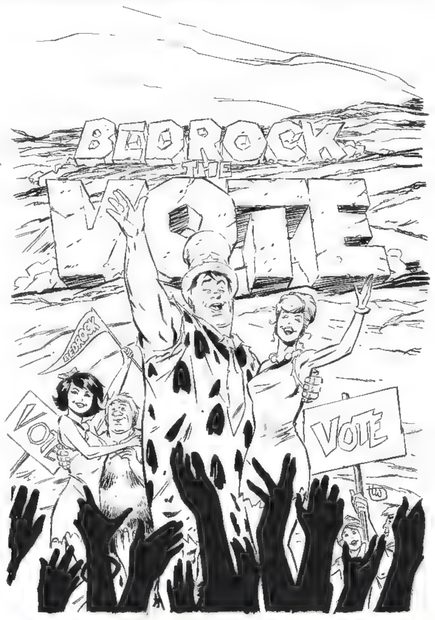


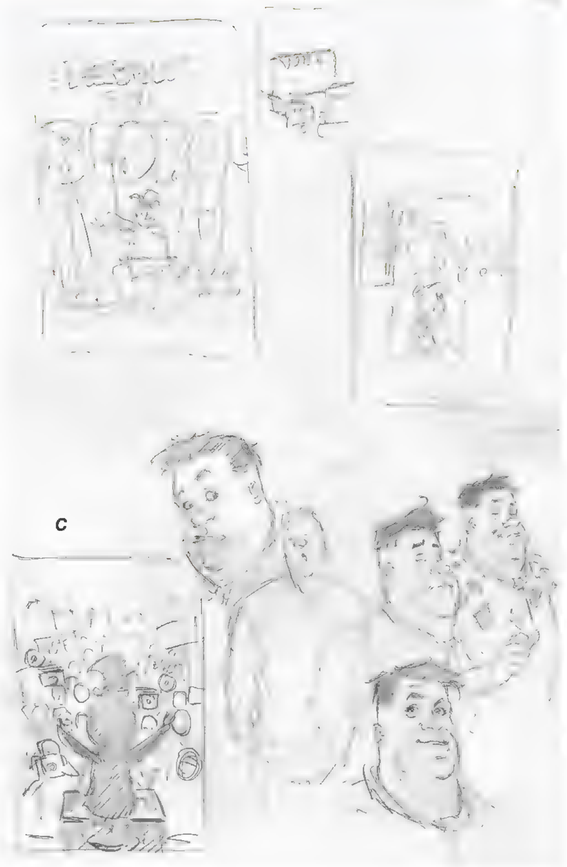


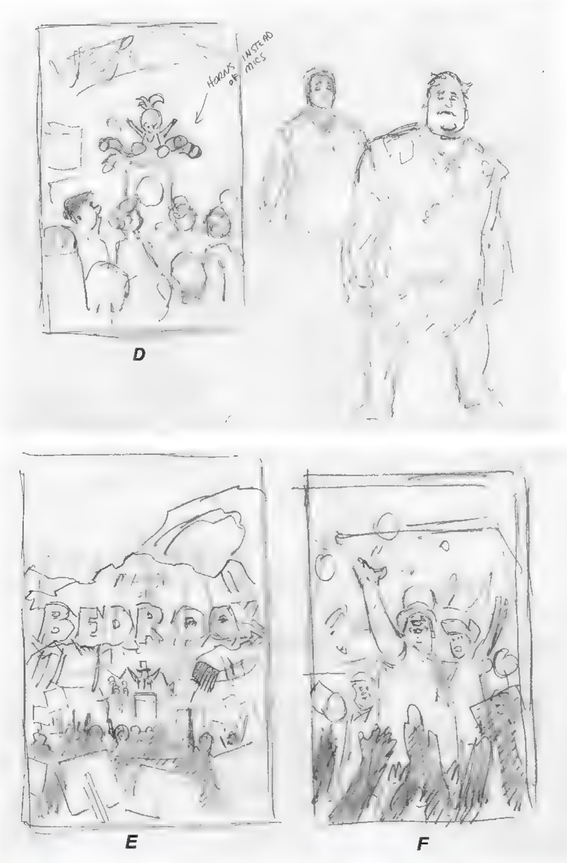
Flintstones #3 Variant Cover - Bilquis Evely

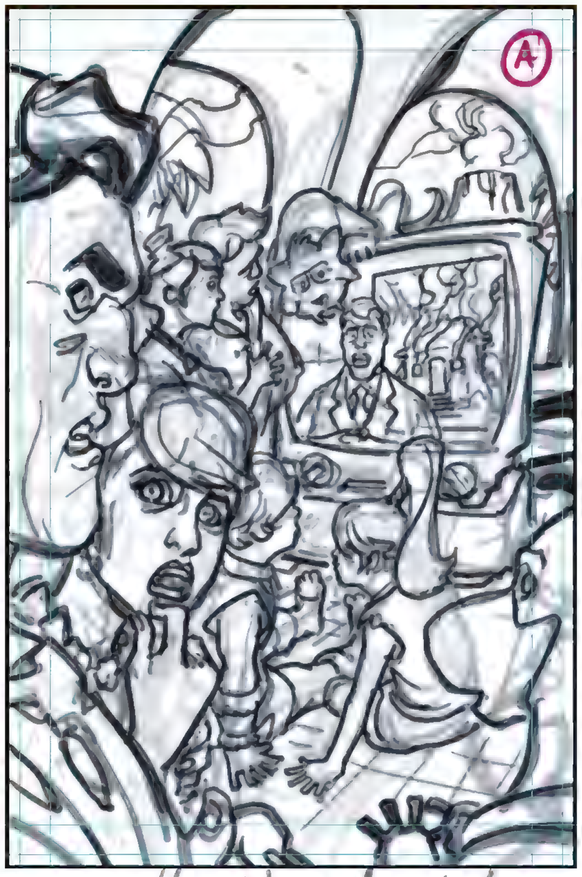
TAKE A WIFE? NOT ON YOUR LIFE!
KEEP IT POLYGAMOUS
SAY TO MARRIAGE
MONOGAMY DESTROYS!
HATES MARRIAGE!
NO MARRIA
SAY "I DON'T!
FOR THIS
CAVE DWEL
A CHILD DESERVES SEVERAL FATHERS
ABOUT DOZ
MOTH

VOTE


BEDROCK
VOTE
VOTE
VOTE

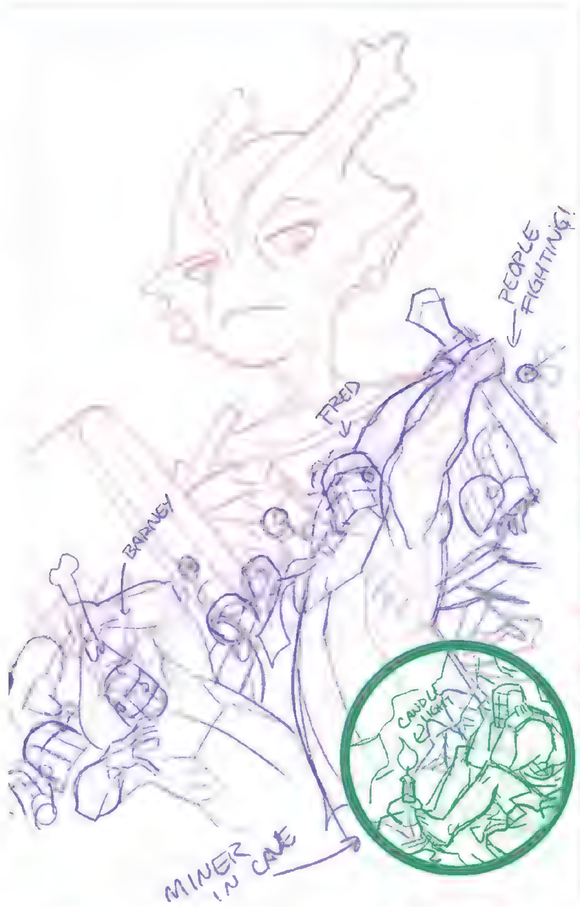

C

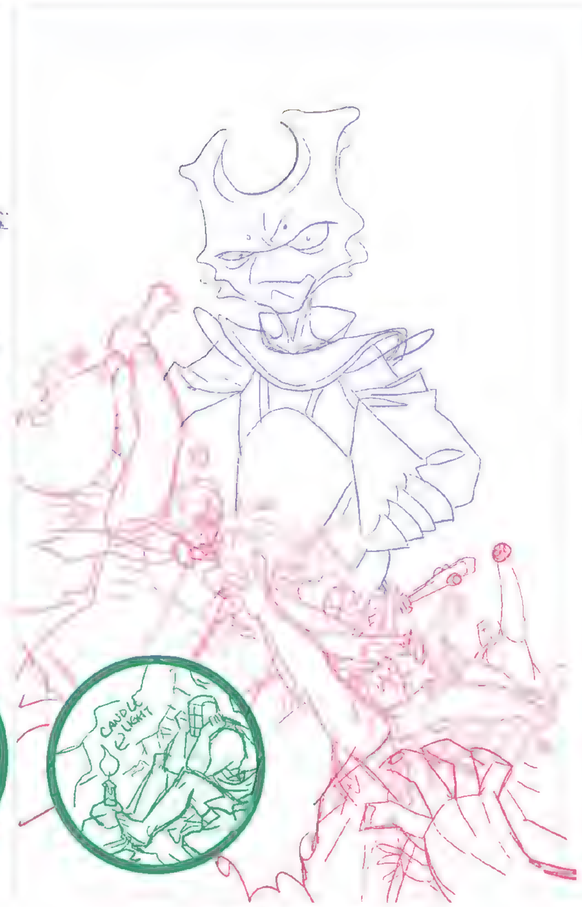

HORNS INSTEAD OF MICE
D
BEDROCK
E
F

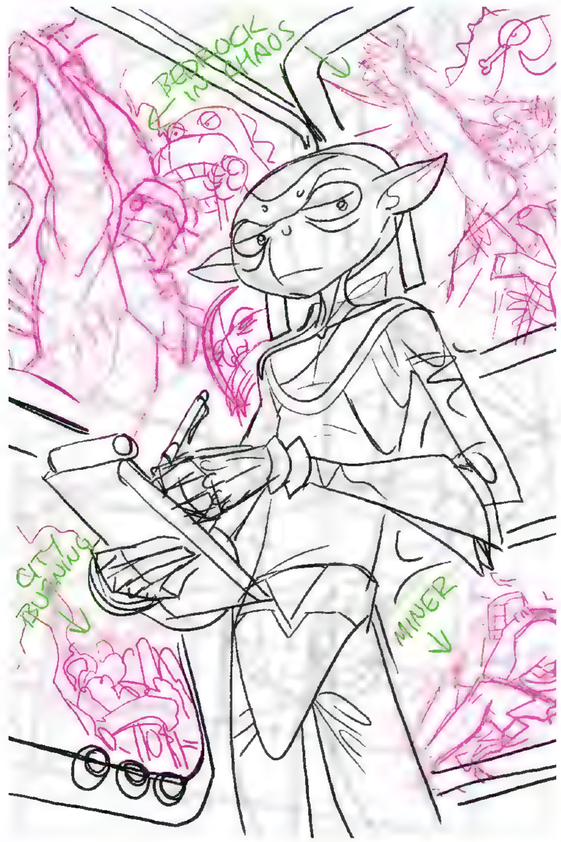

A

B

C


PEOPLE FIGHTING!
TRED
BARNEY
CANDLE LIGHT
MINER IN CAVE

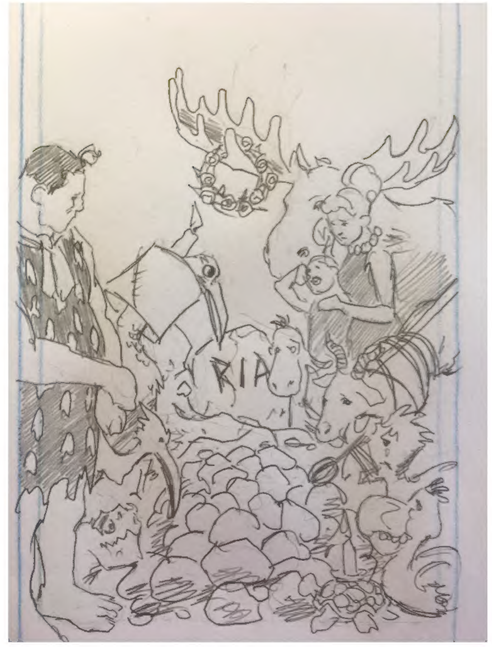

CANDLE LIGHT


REDROCK IN CHAOS
CITY BURNING
MINER

RobGuillory.com

NOW HIRING
SKILLED WHEEL CHISELERS!
WANTED CLUB MAKER $15
HIRING! TRAINEE STUNTS- DRIVER!! BENEFITS!
BEDROCK JOB LISTINGS
ROCKY
BILL! FIRE
BILL
BILL
SKY FIRE
ZAP!!
BILL
WHEEL

FLINTSTONES
#11
EQUAL RIGHTS
FIGHT THE POWER


RIP

RIP

DC
LOGO

Stego Chips
Nintendo

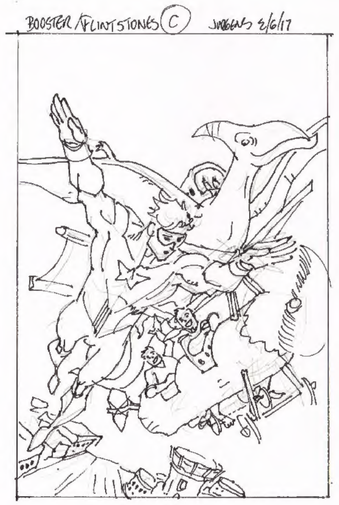
FRED
BARNEY
BETTY

A

B

BOOSTER/FLINTSTONES (A) JORGENS 2/6/17

BOOSTER/FLINTSTONES (B) JORGENS 2/6/17


BOOSTER/FLINTSTONES (C) JORGENS 2/6/17

Mark Russell has written many comic book series including, but not limited to, the Eisner-nominated *The Flintstones*, the GLAAD Award-winning *Exit Stage Left: The Snagglepuss Chronicles*, *Second Coming*, *Fantastic Four: Life Story*, and *Not All Robots*. He lives at home.

Ever since his dad began swiping paper from work to bring home for him, **Steve Pugh** has been scrawling on it with inky sticks. Decades later, he has drawn a huge body of critically acclaimed work—and also *Superman vs. The Terminator*. After working his way through the Vertigo horror titles and illustrating the adventures of John Constantine and Animal Man (first in the 1990s and then again in 2014), he has gone on to provide art for DC's *The Flintstones* and *Harley Quinn: Breaking Glass*. Despite writing and painting two series of the beloved Alice Hotwire's adventures for Radical Comics (initially to prove that writers were making a big fuss about nothing), his most widely read title probably remains the legendary *Preacher Special: Saint of Killers*. Steve lives with Kate, and is grateful for her continued patience.

Christopher Chuckry is an experienced colorist who has colored many comics and graphic novels for publishers throughout North America and Europe. Chris has colored many titles for DC Comics under his own name, and as a colorist/founding partner of the seminal color studio Digital Chameleon. His illustration work has appeared on book covers, trading cards, magazines, e-books, and juried art shows, including *Visions from the Upside Down: Stranger Things Artbook*, the World Horror Convention, and the anthology *Spectrum: The Best in Contemporary Fantastic Art*. Chris lives in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, with his wife and two sons.

From the town of Bedrock, Fred and Wilma Flintstone; their daughter, Pebbles; their neighbors, the Rubbles; and their friends, coworkers, and dino-appliances are a page right out of history—specifically, our own confusing, bewildering, and alienating era!

This modern take on the iconic Hanna-Barbera prime-time animated series is darkly hilarious, casting an acerbic eye on issues like consumerism, religion, politics, and relationships, in a style that's both distinctly 21st century and uniquely Flintstones!

Mark Russell (*Exit Stage Left: The Snagglepuss Chronicles*) and **Steve Pugh** (*Harley Quinn: Breaking Glass*) create a modern spin on a beloved classic—collected here in full for the first time! Includes issues #1-12, as well as *Booster Gold/The Flintstones Special* #1, a brand-new introduction by the author, and never-before-seen extras!

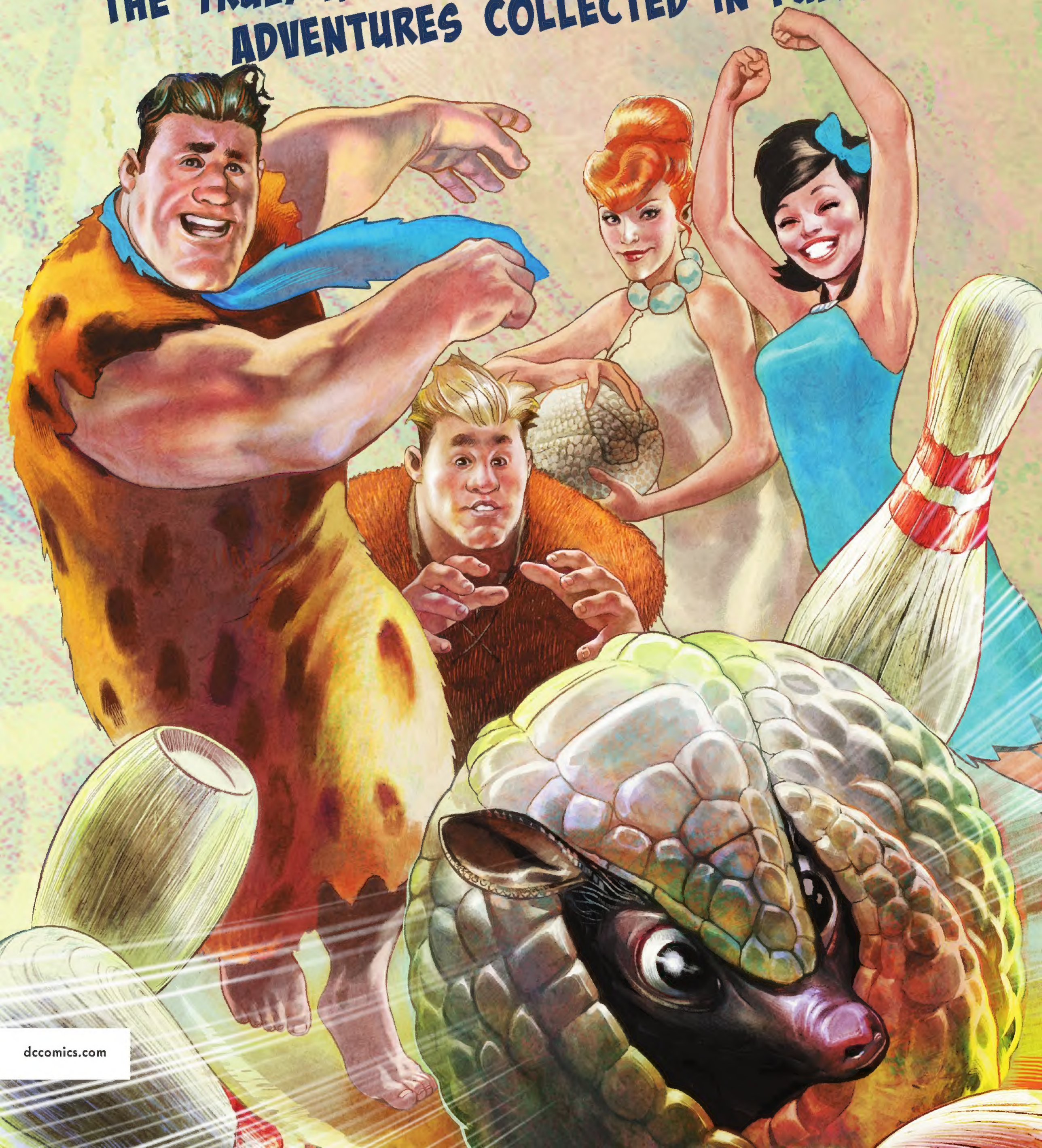
"One of the sharpest social satires around, in and out of comics...It's an absurd and hilarious series that feels very much like a surprisingly faithful update to the original cartoon. Who could've seen that coming?"

—*The Hollywood Reporter*

"2016 is over, and one of the most relevant pieces of art to come out of it is a comic book about the freaking Flintstones."

—GQ

THE TRULY MODERN STONE AGE FAMILY'S ADVENTURES COLLECTED IN FULL!



dccomics.com